

CAVALCADE

FEB. 1st



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MAN WITH A MAGIC EYE

Do Women dress for Sex?



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Crusader Cloth
GUARANTEED NEVER TO
TAKE OR SHRINK



Cavalcade

CONTENTS • FEBRUARY, 1949

ARTICLES

Man With a Magic Eye	5
He Said Himself to Death	5
Do Women Dress for Sex?	12
A Hunter Takes a Vow	15
The Ghosts of Mac-Mac Lake	22
I Had a Pet Elephant	24
A Box of Dead Linard	25
Tidy Seconds	26
Insurance Covers Almost Everything	28
White Justice	31

FICTION

Crime Payscale	35
To Smart to Love	35
The Heads of Midnight	35

FEATURES

It Started This Way	25-31, 34-36
Picture Stories	36
What Great Minds Think of Success	36
Genghis Khan	37
Bennie Snags	38
Possessive Sentences	38
Medians on the March	37
Old English—Today	38
Gift of Life	38
Story of a Movie	39
Cartoon	39

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The camera has proved Ken Howard
99% correct at anticipating photo-finishes

BILL DELANY



BEFORE the introduction of the photo-finish cameras muffed partners of the ministry of speedo-phobic racing jockeys, a legend arose that the racing officials, confronted with a tight finish turned their backs to the scenes and turned racing records to Ken Howard's broadcasts. By the same, ran the legend, the jockeys could be sure that their decisions would receive official confirmation.

Although the legend looks documentation, it is a fact that following the advent of the cameras, a couple of race-tracks in Sydney negotiated on a charge of maintaining a radio receiver for which they did not possess a listeners' licence—a sit of legislation which surely makes the newspapers unless the current party is, say, a radio quidnunc; in this instance, however, shortly was added to the case by a detective's inference that the parties had indulged in

"sharp practices against bookmakers." He added that it was the race's custom to take the cameras to Brookbank racetrack and in the event of a photo-finish use Howard's broadcasts for financial gain. "Ken Howard," he said, "is described as being infallible in calling photo-finishes."

Howard himself is a pretty firm believer in his own infallibility, as is evidenced by the fact that while keen-eyed officials are suspecting the photo, the broadcaster has already stated with complete confidence that it is "London to a brick Dogbody being placed first." In point of fact, his anticipations since the cameras were introduced have been proved over 99 per cent correct.

Sophomore, monographable Howard is, in spite of his mere 25 years, one of the veterans of the race-broadcasting profession. He set up the business 15 years ago, after he had tried journalistic work on the sporting

side. Before that, however, he indulged his enthusiasm for racing by making at "down the line" message. His record as a jockey is remarkable only in that he had three mounts, all of which finished last. His career lasted a little more than a fortnight.

Of his first race broadcast, he says: "I arrived at the Warwick Farm course to find that my stand had not been erected. With but a few minutes to the first race I had the marks to my stand and climbed a tree. With one hand holding a branch and the other gripping my field-glasses, I began the description."

Howard still does not enjoy the facilities available to present-day broadcasters, for while most of them prefer to comment from the course, his stand is usually located up to a mile from the winning post.

In his early days as a caller, he earned on a running fight with officials of the Palmerston (Victoria) racecourse.

The club declared war on off-the-course betting—an adjunct of which it said, was broadcasting. Howard set up his stand in a nearby house.

The club accepted the challenge by "panning" the placed horses, so that they were left back in the juries in different order from which they were placed. Numbers of the placed horses were shown on the blind side of the judge's box, and the correct weight for was carefully concealed from the broadcaster. Howard wasn't the boy to take that and like it.

Despite the difficulties devised by the club, he got over the day without calling a misplaced horse. But the racing club, also, was there at the next meeting. Howard had begun to assemble his equipment in a paddock when news forty men arrived. After a short but pointed rebuke, the newsmen threw the broadcasting gear into the roadway.

"I was about to concede the club

the track," says Howard, "when I sighted a 'ruttero's van coming along the road. I talked the driver into letting the van to me for the afternoon. Within a few minutes, a horse was run to a telephone pole 30 yards away, and I was on the air two minutes before the first race began."

"Meanwhile, other country clubs declared war on me. One of them in fact, spent £250 in erecting a massive screen to obscure my view. That was an easy one to overcome. When I climbed into my stand I found I could see over the screen easily."

Howard's point with officials was conceded when he returned to Sydney, and as one occasion, a radio-peoples club came up with the idea of lighting smoke fires in front of his stand. Unfortunately, the wind changed direction, and Howard was able to entertain his listeners with a graphic description of course officials attempting to fight a fire that threatened to spread to the track.

By contrast, Howard's task these days is simple. At Randwick, his stand is placed on the roof of a flat about a mile from the winning post and in direct line with the judges' box. Distance, he considers, is a great aid to a race caller—a theory supported by the fact that in addition to having the edge on his contemporaries in anticipating photo-finishes, he calls more horses in a race than any other broadcaster.

When recordings of his descriptions were played before American radio executives, some time ago, their authenticity was doubted, the executives inferring that descriptions were read from previously-prepared scripts.

In defense of the qualifications of a race caller, Howard says:

"Most important of all, he must have a photographic memory for racing colors. He must be able to identify those colors with their registered owner, and he must be able to memor-

ize that owner's entry in the program race."

"Even then, circumstances can prevent the announcer making use of that ability. In January, 1941, Sydney was hit by the greatest heat storm in its history. In a moment visibility was reduced to yards, and, to make it worse, heat shatters ed the glass in my stand. I turned to Sid Saxon, my assistant, and Mandy Thompson my engineer, to ask them to check up what was happening on other stations. But they had taken refuge in the laundry of the fat."

"I couldn't even be sure that the race had begun and had to stay anchored to the job for 30 minutes while heat melted down on me."

"Then, suddenly, I saw a horse emerge from the living heat. Then another and another. They were only 30 yards from the post, and the jockeys' colors were covered with sand. I had a split second to pick the horses and I made it. How? I'll never know—unless it was because of the horses' perspiration of fat, or instinct."

Creditably, never followed the field for almost the full distance, Howard leaves them about 15 yards from home and swings his glasses to the

post to await the winner. This practice he thanks, no doubt, for his popularity.

He admits he was not over-cautious that he had called correctly when in the 1940 Spring, four horses except over the line as clearly beat; that a sheet would have covered them all from view to start. He selected Blue Legend first, Shamus second, Young Vichend third and Puffins fourth and noted that the margin in each case was half a head. The photo vindicated his judgment, although most other broadcasters had left the winner out of consideration.

In this instance, Howard was proudest by the colors worn by each horse—which makes the whole affair even more perplexing. For the man who knows every combination of colors used by racecourse owners is so completely locked in solar sense that when he makes an intention to ride his wife wraps her ensemble in separate bundles.

Otherwise she appears. She is likely to wear a lounge suit the coat of which is blue and the pants grey, and if he takes a third nut along, it is London to a hank that has just will be brown.



The chapters of a book dictated his life of crime.



HE READ HIMSELF TO DEATH

JIAN RODGINS

If IT HAS survived the war, the steady little bookshop of Casper Olin still stands overlooking a corner of London's Bow Street, an ancient, cobblestoned thoroughfare that crests its way down to the water of the lower Thames.

In its day, it was a fine bookshop. But it is more than four decades since rough bands were nailed in desperate hours across the door, the spikes biting deep into the fine, dark mahogany. The bookshop of Casper Olin has been closed since a certain ugly summer morning in 1939.

There was now cessation in the book world than. The modern murder mystery had come into its own. Victorian ladies sat up until two o'clock in the morning, reading avidly. Few-

gently they became as terrified at the climax that they passed out in a faint and remained sprawled on the floor until found and revived with smelling salts. And they loved it.

The early murder stories were written not so much in thrills and challenge the reader's intellect as to strike him with horror. The same horrible story, the faster it sold. Currently leading the field was "The Grey Phantom," calculated to nail and chill the stoutest spines. So popular was it that Casper Olin sold out his entire shipment within the hour that he first placed a copy in the window, on the third of June, 1939.

The window copy, placed as bait to lure customers, Casper reserved for himself. For Casper, like most

bookmen, was in the business because he liked to read. He was forty-five, tall, gaunt and stoically looking, with steel-edged spectacles perched evenly on the high bridge of his blue-veined nose. A leathery bookend, he lived over in his vivid imagination all the adventures which he found between the covers of the books in his shop.

It was no wonder, then, that when he dipped into the opening pages of "The Grey Phantom," the little bookshop achieved a decidedly pale cast of skin, padding around his shop as softly that he sometimes frightened his customers.

But it made little difference to Olin, now, what happened to his sales. The Grey Phantom was the most fascinating passes he had ever been, and the Grey Phantom cared only for death.

The book, a half-rubber, concerned a man who by day was a meek little shopkeeper, very like Olin, but possessed a second seal that came open when night fell. With the sinking of the sun, the meek little man became a roving fiend who prowled the streets with a shadow's stealth. He was marvellously sensitive to red-headed women. At the mere sight of one, he felt the overpowering urge to strangle her, and as the cause of the book he strangled four.

Held on his stool, Olin crouched low to catch the last rays of the sun, gazing to read the fading print. Here is the opening chapter of "The Grey Phantom," he did not hear the door open and close, nor the light footsteps that moved over the boards. Only the darkening light made him close the book. Then he looked down from his stool.

Just before him, her back turned, her head bent over a book she held, stood a little graceful girl. She was well-dressed in finely spun tweeds, and a handsome fox fur was flung

over her shoulder. Her smell hot lay on the table beside her. The soft twilight remaining in the shop poised all caught up in the brightness of her high-piled hair, red as new copper.

The bookend stood at the girl's hair steadily. He felt strangely hypnotized by its vibrant colour that almost seemed a living flame that filled his whole vision. The long strands were held in place stiffly by a silver barpin.

Olin slumped down very quietly, like a phantom, and reached out a weakly shaking hand that pulled the pin from the girl's head and sent the red flames crashing down to her waist as her other palm struggled her startled cry.

When the body of Elsieer Withworth, shadowy daughter of a London banker, was found in a gutter at the foot of Bow street there was no trace of her assailant. She had met an unusual and bizarre death, strangled by the heavy strands of her own hair.

London newspapers立即ly identified the baffled and embarrassed Scotland Yard men who poked up and down the shabby street without finding a single clue. Among those fruitlessly interviewed was a meek little bookshop proprietor named Casper Olin.

The morning after he had strangled Elsieer Withworth, Casper Olin awoke in shuddering horror in his small room above the shop, he dimly remembered the terrible morning when the gathering dusk had seemed to cloak him in the evil personality of the criminal who stalked through the pages of the grasping master story.

The book lay now, its bound cover unbound, spread open on the counterpane of his bed. As though it were underfed with a lathouse disease, he picked it up with a pair of brass fire tongs and carried it downstairs. He thrust it high on a top shelf. Then

BEAUTY WAS SKIN DEEP

I thought her art a lovely pink
Although it glows too bright
But still I really didn't think
How far I was from right.
I said to her, "Your looking well
Is really made" but she
With sugar cried "You dopey
butts.
I am a model—SEE?"

—YAIR

he began, as best he could, to conduct the business of the day.

The bookkeeper waited every time the tolling bell and the heavy slam of the front door announced a new customer. But business was slack, and slowly his nerves cracked.

It was his conscience that refused to be stalled. An inner voice hammered away, urging him to condemn the crime that the newsboys howled in the streets. Once, filled with mad strength, he started out the door, determined to walk straight to the nearest bobby. Rehearsing himself, he mouthed, "I did it. I murdered her," over and over.

He caught himself with his hand on the knob. Shifting his burst of righteousness, he turned the key in the lock to keep himself inside. But the urge to confess was strong upon him. The crime was more than he could bear alone.

"I'll write it all down," he thought. "Then I'll get it off my mind and it will be almost like confessing to myself." He sat down at his ancient desk, drew a sheet of foolscap toward him and began laboriously. He described the crime in complete detail,

then ended with, "I cannot easily find words for the strange fury of madness that descended upon me when darkness fell and the red hair of that woman suddenly seemed like a mass well of flame and blood."

Somewhat relieved, he put down his pen and stared at the words he had written. The harshly worded sentence did not sound like his own writing. Rather, they seemed to resemble the ornate literary style of a polished author. Then, suddenly, he knew whence he had read them before.

He pale eyes slid hesitantly to the high shelf where the edge of his half-read copy of "*The Grey Phantom*" was just visible. He had resolved not to touch the book again, fearing to look further into its hypnotic pages. Yet, he had to be sure. In a few minutes, his trembling fingers traced out the words he had read the day before. ". . . darkness fell and the red hair suddenly seemed like a rising well of flame and blood." It was as though he had copied them.

He tried, now, to close the book, but he was irresistibly drawn to read on, his long fingers sliding along the sealed pages and turning the leaves avidly. Only the end of daylight interrupted his reading. Then he put a heavy cap around his shoulders, closed the door behind him, and jolted his way down Bow Street toward the Thames embankment.

The raw lamp had not yet been lit. He turned haphazard toward a corner tavern that shroumed worn, yellow light out into the reed. He pushed open the door. The room was empty. It was too early for the night trade. A pretty barmaid was seated at a serving table in the rear. She was congenitally polishing a pewter ale mug.

"Ella there," she called breathily. "We right with you 'Aaf a raa.' Ollie pulled his long gray cap closer about his spare form and began to stare fixedly at the girls' party

red locks, twisted into a most horrid floss at the back of her neck. He caught a side glance of himself in the mirror above the bar and snorted slightly. He did indeed look mad.

It was an even more sombreous scene than the Wiltonville murder. The forces of justice were again stepped cold with the finding of the body. No one had seen the silent, cloaked figure enter or leave the tavern in the dark. No one had heard a sound.

When the long shadows of the sunset crept up Bow Street on the third evening, the bookkeeper again felt the uncontrollable desire to lose himself in the pages of the thrilling book. With all the power of his conscious mind he resisted, but the book on its high shelf drew him like a magnet. Fifty pages remained unread. One part of his being urged, "Finish it and have done with it." But he shrank from the idea. It might mean another inexplicable crime. "No," he scribbled wildly, furiously; his confession: "I shall never bring myself to read the eventual fate of the Grey Phantom."

Still the book drew him, more irresistibly as darkness filled the room. Desperately, he tossed the key in the lock, to keep himself in. But as he passed a small headglass that hung on the wall, he clearly saw his face then and gone, with blood-flecked eyes. He knew that in another moment he would be deep in the last pages of the book and that soon he would be living the final destiny of the fictional Grey Phantom.

With a cry, he splintered a book shelf into narrow slats, seized a hammer and nails and nailed himself inside the shop, pounding the nails firmly into the polished wood of the front door. When he had finished, with the last strength of his conscious mind he turned his back upon the book, threw a rope near the high-

ceilinged rafters in the leered ceiling, and hanged himself.

The mystery element in the story of Casper Ollie and the Grey Phantom is contained in the closing chapters. It is reasonably certain that the little bookkeeper, terrified at the power that the book had over him, never finished reading it. He was in mortal fear that he would faithfully follow out any further mandates that were enoted in the final pages. In order to remove the almost irresistible temptation to read further, he hanged himself, a deliberate suicide.

He thought that he was breaking the spell that the fictional phantom had over him, the spell that drew this quiet, peaceful little man to murder, at the sight of a red-haired woman. As he last sentence, he had written with rage, were streaks of his pen. "With my very life, I shall renounce the ownership. I shall not carry forth the phantom's destiny." But he did. For in the final pages of the strange book there is, not another murder, as Ollie failed to read, but the suicide of the phantom himself.



DO WOMEN DRESS FOR SEX?

Few would admit they dress to arouse interest.

A SINGLE woman of thirty-five wanted a fashion salon to see some evening gowns. She tried an several, but only two attracted her. One was a charming modern blue gown, the other a green model revealing and rather daring. The woman was unable to decide between them.

"Don't you like one of them even a little better than the other?" the assistant asked.

"Oh, yes," the customer answered. "I really like the blue one, very much—but I'll have a much better time in the green one."

That was the cue she caught, only because she knew it would attract man by its daring lines.

Thirty-five and single, she "knew her way around." A California Syd-

ney department recently said she often fits women with practically skin-light evening gowns. They have the gowns made that way because they have trim, good figures and they don't mind to wear anything in the way of undressiness. They don't want the ridges and bulk of underclothing to spoil the line of their figures—they say.

Perhaps they are really that attractive; perhaps they are a little more careless than many people about the lengths they go to in attracting men. But for each such sophisticate there are undoubtedly hundreds of thousands of women who don't realize that this sort of thing goes on—and who would be deeply shocked by it if they did.

For while there is probably not a



woman in the world who does not dream to "please men," there are few who would admit, perhaps even to themselves, that they dream to arouse sex-interest.

The woman who says, "I couldn't buy a hat with feathers—my husband doesn't like them," is certainly dressing to please a man. The woman who is coquettish in her coquetry is trying to keep her figure to the line she knows are appreciated. But she is thinking of women and attractiveness of appearance—at all is she?

I never was a "flame girl," not because I could not be, but because the "flame girl" vulgar seemed to me so vulgarly blatant that I wouldn't take part. Or perhaps I felt that I could command all the male attention I wanted without using my figure like a neon advertising sign!

But when that sweater gown was at its height, I repeatedly heard mid-teen complaints from girls about the liberties taken by their escorts, about how hard it was to keep some of the boys in their places.

Well, it wasn't surprising, because those girls left themselves wide open to misunderstanding. The whole point of the matter was that, by conforming to that new vague, they thought they were being fashionable, and smart. They apparently did not realize that they were being provocative to the extreme, and that their motives for dressing that way were almost certain to be misinterpreted!

In conversation with women friends, I have been repeatedly surprised at the fact that so many of them do not associate male admiration with attractive. I know, for example, people who wear "fables" and the most extravagant types of uplift brassieres, simply because the always-used word "uplift" has instilled in them a new fashion—and they follow that feeling blindly.

It isn't much use asking the girl who wears one, because she is hardly

likely to reveal her motives, even if she recognizes them herself.

But ask the girl who sells them! One such young woman, an attractive dresser and very "easy to look at," herself laughed merrily when she told me about uplift buyers:

"Most of them buy because somebody else has bought it!" she said. "See that?" She held up a wisp of pink silk and saffron-colored lace, and laughed. "There aren't very many girls who are really built for that," she said, "yet the demand is tremendous. I had a girl in here this morning now. She wanted something like that. I told her I didn't think it would suit her, but she had a girl friend who wore one and it looked lovely—so she wanted one too."

"Did she realize what she'd look like?" I asked.

"I'm sure she didn't," the shopgirl said. "She imagined that if she had that bit of silk she'd automatically have a flame like her girl friend."

This sales girl expressed the view that the master percentage of purchasers of provocative brassieres had the slightest idea of the sex appeal they were buying. Sometimes they used on a model, looked at it in a mirror, and said, "I'm going to look sexually desirable" or something like that, and were quite pleased about it. Not because they connected it with sex appeal, but because they thought it was smart to be daring.

And that brings me back to something else the dressmaker told me. "Two of the most revealing gowns I ever made," she said, "were cut for women who wished to ostrichize another woman."

It comes down to a sort of competition to see who can get away with the most daring or revealing gown. And when two women start in such a competition as that, what the males of the party think is of little consequence.

HEIDI LAMARR has more beauty than ten stars rolled into one. Yet Hedy would rather be known as a great actress than a beautiful woman.

In Hollywood she'll trot around with her hair in two pigtails and no make-up as if she resented the beauty that seemed to stand in her way. She has more jewels than ten stars, but they remain locked in a bank vault. At one time she kept them in an old shoe box in the closet shelf.

She had more glamour than ten stars, yet she traded it for children. Obsessed with the desire for motherhood, she adopted it even before her two children were born. She abhors her own children's needs—or children seen at parties. She's Hedy Lamarr, actress, mother and woman before she's anything else. And that's the way she wants it.

From "Photoplay," the world's most popular film magazine.

There is a display complex about women which men don't understand. A desire to show off, to be admired, is to be talked about, to be flattered and praised. It makes a woman feel good and she will spend time, money and thought on that important business of showing off. But she isn't showing off from any sex motif.

This showing off complex has not escaped the observation of the fathoms of diagrams. The "new look" was a masterpiece of propaganda—anybody who could induce a woman to buy yards of costly material for an dress when dresses were so inexpensive, was a wizard. But it was done.

The waist-pinchers, hip-pads, and fashions that all helped to put the "new look" across, were only incidental. And the fact that this particular fashion was not particularly revealing did nothing to stop its popularity.

That is one of the things that stops you when you're tempted to think that women usually reveal their figures from any sex motif. The girl who wears cheaters and reveals today, and a strapless evening gown with a bare midriff tonight, will

obviously wear an ankle-length dress with a high neck and elbow length sleeves tomorrow.

And her choice of gowns will not be dictated by how much they show, or how sexy she looks. Necessarily, a woman believes that a man can be as much attracted by a dress that he can by a French aviator. Because normally her showing-off tendency is not related to physical sex.

If it comes to friction, most women believe they can do more by a timely pressure of the hand or a saucy fish pliers in the eye, or a vicious little kick, than they can do by acting undressed, or naked with both hands. And at a woman who comes with women, I can say that if I were a Committee I wouldn't pin any hopes on the girl in the meat during dress, but that's the meat during dress.

In a newspaper recently, a man wrote:

"A woman in an evening gown can distract a man's emotions far more readily than one in a bathing suit. The bawdy sort of today acts more as a compliment than an advertisement, and leaves nothing to the imagination. An exciting gown encourages

the imagination."

I believe that is true. I watched a group of five men walking along a promenade one day. They passed a number of pinup women sunbathing on the sand in very brief bikinis. A couple of the men glanced casually at the women, but as two pretty girls wearing newlook dresses and large-brimmed hats came towards them on the promenade, all five men turned their eyes in that direction, and with one accord, their heads were bowed as the girls passed them.

There is little doubt that women's dress has an important bearing on sex and morality, irrespective of the motives inspiring its selection. Witness American Raquel Higgins.

"I sincerely believe that a law compelling everybody to go stark naked would be the most staggering

blow that could be dealt in certain fields of vice. Instead, we spend billions of English dollars on police costumes and uniforms of libidinous words demonstrating the baser side. I don't go so far as to say that universal nudity would guarantee morality, but there is an old saying that light is an enemy of love—a certain kind of love. Among the diseases that are caused by broad daylight and sun, sexual curiosity is one, pedophilia is another, and voyeur curiosity is another."

It certainly seems true that women, even when they don't realize it, place an emphasis on physical attraction which is repeatedly impressed on the men who see them. And the fact that those men believe the women's morals are deteriorating leads to a lot of behavior which otherwise would never occur.



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS . . .

No. 49



No food could pass his lips
until he had fulfilled his vow

W. E. HARNEY

A hunter TAKES A VOW

WHETHER or not an army marches
on its stomach, an aborigine
make certainly gives food more importance
than an item to save the
empty stomach.

Food is distributed according to
hostile relationship among the aborigines
of the western side of the Gulf of
Carpentaria, and a family squatting
around the fire, smelling the
smoke of a young kangaroo before
it is eaten, know in advance exactly
what portion each will eat. The
head at, of course, the hunter's pre-
rogative; while comes in for the leg
pork, and another expencesome some
marin-waterring over the excellent
breast she knows will be here. The
offspring probably look forward to
the day when improved friendly status
will entitle them to some of the hand
cuts.

This is the usual procedure, broken
only on momentous occasions or to
mark a serious contingency.

An incident which took place in
the month of May in the year 1928
will serve as an example of this de-
parture, and will explain, manifestly,
the disappearance of the tan-tan
ketch "Kashimroo" and her Japanese
crew of four.

The "Kashimroo" was built
with a mast of brush egypt pine,
and beams and posts of the same
rough hewnising. Her appearance did
not bespeak scientific construction but
rather of the resourcefulness born of
lonely island trading.

Her home port was Dobo in the
Aru Islands, 200 miles to the north
of Weasel Islands which are on the
north-east tip of Arnhem Land.

A glance at her rigging—bung with

strong fanning gut—was sufficient to
expel her presence in historical
writings. The oarsmen, too, from which
smoked shark fins were suspended
like fruit bats from a tall tree, gave
evidence that shark—the Eastern
delicacy—was the reason for the ap-
petite.

On her decks as she lay riding the
heavy swell that comes round Cape
Sharkie when the south-east trade
winds are blowing, the four Japanese
worked a thin wire snake that
snared from the sandy shore. The
short they had been studying says
the warning of dangers and hostile
natives; and, as they watched, a
dugout canoe made from the beach
propelled by four men of the Kulpis
tribe, and moved swiftly towards the
ketch.

Higuchi, the Japanese captain,
wore his crew and loaded his own
rice, placing it in readiness. The
four sat waiting.

As the canoe drew nearer they
could see its freaky. Originally it
had a bow, it was now a mass of
patched from pieces of the ship's
timbers and powdered bark of coconut
trees.

When they were twenty yards distant
from the "Kashimroo" the
aborigines turned their canoe sail on to
the stock fishery and lifted their paddles
as a sign they were unarmed
and would like to come near.
Higuchi's answering shout—a warning
to withdraw—sent them scudding
over the rippling water, back to the
beach where, uncomprehended, advanced,
they faced the terrors of their tribe.

Along that coast from the ancient
times there has been a history of
unresolved trouble between the
aborigines and the aborigines who, in
their various types of craft, have
landed on the Australian coast. Some
people swear (and after personal
observation) that there are trees of
Malay blood in some of the

shores, the only indication of a
day when Malaya landed and came
to scratch terms with the natives.
There are indications, however, that
more often the aborigines and the
Australian natives fought bitter
battles and among the northern
Malays they gained the reputation
that put Higuchi on his guard.

The fact that they gave the name
of peace was not an important thing
to Higuchi; he didn't trust them
anyway; and he may even have been
able to cite instances of treachery
in the past. But the man on the
coast took a very different view;
these haori had been bewitched
and their word frankly disbelieved.

Old Mandrups didn't make matters
any better. One of the tribe's notable
warriors, now resting on the prestige
of a successful career, and enjoying
the respect of all, he was utilized to
dismay the younger generation's re-
spect for firearms. He adopted, as he
was entitled to, his own tactics when
the cartridges were fired by the boys
of his tribe-men.

Mandrups, sturdy and old, boasted
to them his bravery in the past, re-
counting tales of trapping tigers he
had killed, hauls of cargo and spoils
from the boat. All day long he
shouted his songs, lying beneath a
sunburnt tree that sighed in the wind,
until young Besika who had stared
the name to the "Kashimroo," could
bear it no longer.

The depth of hurt he must have
felt at Mandrups' lies can only be
appreciated by those who have a
knowledge of the simple, kindly
minded of these unpolished people. There
must have been a terrible temptation
for Besika to forget his place in the
tribe, but guarantees of tribal alliance
made discipline an incentive thing
among these people. Besika answered
the old man's fire; he did it with very serious drive.

With due solemnity the young men

PICTURE the Wright

Brothers' invention beside the jet-propelled plane and you will have some idea of how present cooking methods may look beside the radar ecology produced by an American manufacturing concern. Two songs using the magnetron tube, heart of wartime radio, have been developed—one for restaurants, the other for use on airplanes. They cut the cooking time of ordinary foods to a matter of seconds. The restaurant radiators turn out frankfurts in 36 seconds.

At his form gave the signal to approach. Pollard alongside, Banaka handed up the fish, receiving in return his trade tobacco.

Banaka had learned from his father the Malayan language taught by the traders from Manzan; and now, shivering as with a chill, he asked his brother Malay if he might come ashore for "a fire to light a smoke." Banaka felt completely safe as the slithering creatures crawled over the gunwales and huddled near the anchor chains.

For his part Banaka was criticizing that the first part of his objective had been achieved. Glancing off, he watched the captain fiddling his rifle and passing round. Two of the crew repeated banter a cook-pot of boiling rice; the fourth was fixing a bamboo pole for drying shark fins. From the bamboo pole Banaka's eyes travelled to the dried shark fins, and as he saw them things he knew his vow would be carried out; the fish on the shore could be eaten.

Grotesquely, he stood to stretch and again to move bodily towards the fire. Then as if frozen in his tracks, he peered over the side of the vessel, shouting one word the Malay for "shock." Frostbitten he loomed, far over the side as though to get a better view of the monster supposedly beneath the boat.

Haguchi was alert now, and passing into the water. All unnoticed in the excitement, Banaka was beside him and, turning quickly, the Japanese captain was amazed at the transformation of the black man. No longer was this the shivering wretch of the canoe, but a mass of suppling muscles, features distended with hatred for the trader. One glance only had he before he was tossed into the waters around the "Kashimatsu." Banaka's friends were accounting for the other three. One of the Japanese was screaming in agony from the

effects of a pot of rice souped over him, and a stroke from a tomahawk hand hardly put an end to him. The other two were driven back to the end of the craft and killed with iron rods from the galley fire. Banaka himself, rising to the surface following Banaka's treatment, and a dredging harpoon finished him off.

Banaka and his friends signalled hopefully to their tribe. Old Monk-drops made ready to go out to look over the prize, but before stepping into his canoe he was careful to take the piece of fish that represented Banaka's salutes now.

On that day Banaka proved himself

a mighty hunter—a man to be reckoned with—and a tribesman faithful to the laws of his beliefs.

Natives in this area are primitive. Their lives are still conditioned by strange tribal laws. Had the "Kashimatsu" after being unsuccessful, Banaka would have died wildly rather than partake of life-giving food, and had he escaped death at the hands of the Japanese the tribe would have watched, rather in admiration, than in grief, as death inevitably claimed his victim.

Civilization is slow of encroachment in this area and the tribes practice their customs almost unblended.



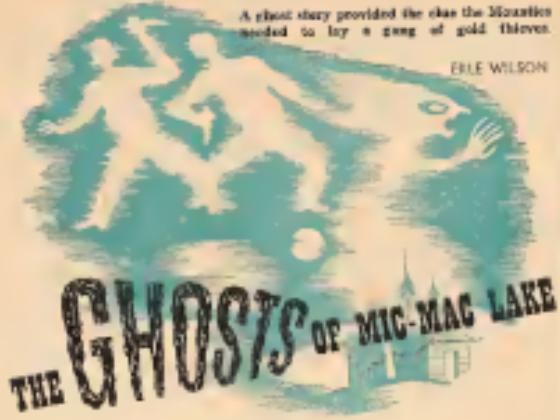
rose from the meal he was eating and placed his fish on a nearby ledge.

"Old man," he said. "You are right. Us young ones fools. I was not to eat that fish until that 'solipsist' (that's me) is gone, and his crew are food for the sharks they come here seeking."

This was the vow which so markedly disturbed the eating habits of the tribe.

Even the children sensed the import of Banaka's speech and eyed the fish with awe. Banaka looked in turn at each of the three who had been with him in the adventure. For answer they repeated his vow and, turning from the tribe, together considered their plan of action.

In a few moments they had launched their canoe and this time as they approached the "Kashimatsu" four disguised natives sat huddled in the bottom of their craft. Fifty yards from the Japanese they drew to, and with much splashing lifted a gift for the fishes to see—a large white fish cushioned on a piece of bark. It was tempting bait, and Haguchi, laughing



THE GHOSTS OF MIC-MAC LAKE

MIC-MAC is a small lake in a chain of lakes that form a continuous waterway between Great Pookook Lake, where the Melville Gold Mine are, and Lac Rameau, in the Tatavio Game Sanctuary.

It is one of the hundreds hidden away in the thick spruce forests of Nova Scotia, visited only by a few fishermen, or by moose hunters in the fall.

Colonel Payson's hunting shack, empty often for a year at a stretch, used to be the only camp on Mic-Mac, and Neaur's camp, ten miles away, was the nearest neighbour.

One day in the autumn, I think 1933, I called to pick up the key at the shack of the Colonel's carpenter, Joe Beaufiful, near the southern end of Pookook Lake.

Beaufiful and his worn little wife were surprised that I should be returning so late in the year. Surprised and, it seemed to me,

little uneasy. There was a tight roof failure and when they invited me to stay with them, I accepted.

While we sat, after a long silence during which he seemed to be turning something over in his mind, Beaufiful asked me suddenly did I believe in ghosts? It wasn't the sort of question you'd expect from a hardened blue-suee lumber-hunting-punk. I told him I had an open mind, but had always found the subject interesting. Preferably, I got the story.

Thirty years earlier, Beaufiful said, a shanty had stood on Moose Island, a small inlet on Mic-Mac lake, directly in front of the spot where Colonel Payson's cabin now stands. A mill-owner from Port Mouton, down on the coast, had married his wife and her lover—a French-Canadian lumberjack from Quebec—to this spot.

Husband and lover had fought it out with knives in the one-roomed shack in the moonlight. The husband

had killed the Canadian, then chased his wife into the lake and drowned her among the lily-pads in the shallows.

It was the last act of this drama of the woods that, according to the Beaufifuls, several hunters and fishermen had seen re-enacted, always on the night of the full moon. Every person who reported seeing it had been camping alone on One-Tree Point, a spot of land jutting into the lake a quarter of a mile away from the cabin, on the right, easily identifiable by a solitary boulders that stand there.

The Beaufifuls seemed relieved that I took their story seriously.

I was dubious of the story as I drove on through the dimmings towards the village of Caledonia.

The sight of a shooting compassed RCMP plates and a deep and drooping Union Jack by a shack, drove it from my mind. How, I wondered, had a small hunter like Caledonia come to run a Mounted Police Depot? Then I remembered the Malus Gold Mine back on Pookook Lake.

I pulled in under a big copper-beech by the door. I had a number of friends in the Mounties, and hoped one of them would be at that now Depot to drop in on me and relieve the memory of a month's solitary stay in the cabin at Mic-Mac. The last man I expected to meet was Sergeant MacLean. I had heard he was somewhere in Upper Canada, but there was no mistaking the two-and-a-quarter yards of policeman who greeted me as I entered.

Instead of the brief talk I had intended, I stayed until it was too late to tackle the old, overgrown, twisted trail that led from the highway in to Mic-Mac, so I stayed on with MacLean and Constable Mayo, and we sat around until almost mid-night.

Early in my acquaintance with the Mounties I had learned that some skill on a lathe was needed to draw

out their best parts, and it was late in the evening before I plucked up courage enough to tell Joe Beaufiful's ghost story of Mic-Mac to the two widely experienced regulars in uniform.

MacLean and Mayo didn't snarl. They asked me to repeat details, and they seemed mildly interested. Then Mayo followed my yarn with one of a long series—a wail-wail—and Ralph MacLean capped his with a tale of a phantom canoe on the Upper Saussey. I turned in that night feeling that I had merely met more congenial reception.

Nest morning as I left they gave me a cheerful assurance that they'd be seeing me soon at Mic-Mac.

The old logger need that I had to follow in through the timber from the Caledonia highway to Mic-Mac Lake was narrow and rough, and the air stunk all my station.

With the prospect of living for a month alone in there, I knew that I should be sick. Ralph MacLean and Mayo were to drop in on me from time to time.

The first day is a new camp is always busy. The shack was old but still sound, though the door-beams were somewhat loose, and there was surprisingly little dust on the rough furniture. I put in some stereotyped houses with an easel holding a woodpile, resting often and looking across at that faithful inland. Then I spent the rest of the day examining the nearby shore and woods; for I knew from experience that until I had explored my immediate surroundings, I'd no hope of getting down.

The air was keen and the incense scents of the woods, disturbance in their unending freshness, were strong everywhere. Yet somehow, I couldn't settle down. The rain had stopped and a wind from the Atlantic had swept the sky clear. For a time, still inexplicably disturbed by some quality in the silence, I watched from

I GIVE YOU "THE OFFICE"

O blessed relief—
Five or six days a week
A man can turn his back on the psychological problems of his home
Which he finds insatiable,
And bury himself in the problems of his office.
Which he finds
Tolerable.
Figures are abstract,
but they do balance.
Whereas, who knows, it may be the unbalance of his wife's
Sums that is the seat of domestic
Tension.
"Miss X . . . will you take a letter . . ."
How many crap. efficient letters
Result from domestic frustration?
Albeit office routine is a poor substitute for living.
With human relations at odds and scores
If "the office" did not exist
We should have to invent it.

—MARTIN PLACE

the cabin door the slow folding down
of the northern night.

The feeling that I was being watched grew so strong that, finally, I closed the cabin door for safety and turned in. I did not sleep. Bentham's story kept me wakeful.

It was easier then to imagine the scene in that other shack over on the island. The two men with death in their minds and naked blades in their hands fighting in the restricted space of the dim shack.

I slept at last. But next day, still disturbed, after several attempts, I gave up trying to forget the story. I was glad when dark brought me the chance of action.

In an old and leaky canoe that belonged to the shack, I skirted the shore and worked off One-Tree Point, for I'd made up my mind that I was going to see at close quarters, whatever monster might be. I hoped—and expected—it would bring nothing and I could explode a nerve-wrecking

myth.

How long I waited I don't know. But at last a radiance appeared above the ragged, black mass that was the far shore of the lake. I had been quietly taking my leaky canoe with an old named billy, when suddenly the mass, full and round, rose behind Moose Island showing it up weirdly, dark and vaporous, at the end of a long path of glimmer.

At that moment an unnameable human and ferocious vision of other never seen from the island ahead and indistinct, behind the moon-gleam on the water, two wild figures appeared, rushing along the island shore.

It was exactly what I'd been told—but for a moment I was paralyzed. Then the billy clattered in the bottom of the canoe, I snatched up my paddle and thrashing hard, shot out towards the island.

I paddled perhaps a dozen strokes and the figures were still in sight.

Then, when, from the direction of the shack, a quarter of a mile away on the left, there came the crack of a rifle and a bar of light flashed out from the open door. A double report answered from the island and a voice that even at that distance, I recognized as Constable Mayo's said, "OK, Bentham, quit the amateur thermodynamics. You got your cover?"

The answering spectre hauled instantly and turned round towards the source of those shrapnel. Mayo stepped out onto the moonlight. To me that I was unarmed does not adequately state the case.

I sat still in the drifting canoe. I must have been plainly visible from the shack, for Sergeant Mackland's voice reached me with devastating distinctness. "You-haw—Speak-haw! You better come in now! Shaw's over!"

Slowly I swept the canoe round, backed it and walked to the shack. There, kicked against my table with its typewriter and litter of papers, scowling under the threat of Ralph Mackland's gun, stood three of the bravest leading citizens I have ever seen. A trapdoor that I had not suspected, gaped open in the cabin door,

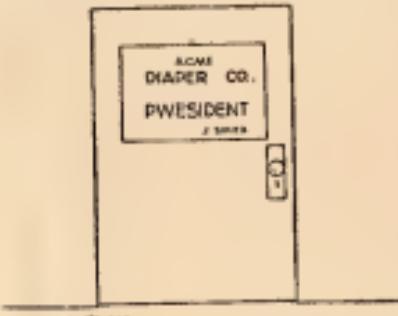
and several well-filled canvas bags were piled along its edge.

I stood mute. My face reflecting the world of Sergeant Mackland's home. He laughed.

"Don't feel badly about it, fellas," he said. "Your internet in the south has brought us this nice little haul. Most Messmates Bentham. Fox and Coote three of the stickiest politicians in the Maritimes. We've been trying to catch up with them for quite some time. Friend Bentham and, I regret to say, his much-loved little wife are in this gang. They've been thrown gold from Shiloh Mine, back there a piece, on Pouchetek. This shack was a convenient hideout place. Your unexpected contact upset their plans some. That honey friend Bentham gave you was meant to lure you away long enough for them to move the bodies somewhere else, and your story was just the clue we needed. Behind the search?"

"We-hell! but—look, Ralph—" I didn't know what to say.

"Never mind, fellas, never mind," Sergeant Mackland soothed. "They fooled us too, remember. But in the end, you know, the Mounties always get them—speak."





I HAD A PET ELEPHANT

Something had to be done after the stable incident.

If you ever happen to contemplate making a pet of an elephant, take my tip and don't. I speak from experience; I had one once. I shot her mother before I saw the little fellow hiding in the long grass—otherwise, of course, I should have withheld my fire—and decided that I want make what sounds I could by adopting him.

"Junho," as I christened him, was no bigger than a fully-grown pup when I first led him into my police-compound.

At that time I was blissfully ignorant of the playful habits of young elephants; but I was soon to learn. And as for the amount of graft they were capable of concocting—well, I was soon to learn that as well.

Junho had got about all right on trek with a mixture of reconstituted milk and crushed mealie (maize) meal I could scrounge out and chase him

made with a thin gruel, but now that he was safely inside the compound I sent to Rorwuh, my head police-boy: "He is still a baby, Rorwuh, so we must feed the little fellow on cow's milk for a few weeks."

"Some baby!" We had three Kaffir cows besides Fornelis, but after about four weeks, during which he seemed to grow like a mushroom, each from a whole herd would not have satisfied that enormous little gooseneck.

One night about a month after his arrival, I was suddenly awakened by the furious chattering of Micky, the little monkey, who slept inside my hut. But I thought the whole place was coming down about my ears but, like me, it was only Junho—trying to pull the roof off! He had taken a sudden fancy to the straw thatch, and demolition was advanced before I could scramble out and chase him

We hadn't tied him up—I hadn't the heart—but the following night he got into the kitchen. Since fool had left the door open, and it was the cracking of pots and crockery, together with the wild bawling of the dog and the barking of Dingo, who evidently thought it a lovely game, that awoke me.

I ran hell-mil to the spear, but I was too late. What a sight met my eyes! Flour, jam, meat, milk, sugar, soap, and what have you lay scattered pell-mell over the floor, and cups, saucers, plates, cutlery, and pots and pans were all mixed in a broken heap.

Junho had his trunk round the kitchen stove, and was dragging it off to stand when I dashed inside. The belligerent had also sat on my favorite arm-bath—the only one within a hundred miles—and squashed it flat as a pancake. When I snatched him he merely lifted up his trunk and laughed. You, hairy elephants can laugh!

Next morning, at my insistence, Rorwuh drove a great stake into the ground, and that evening, after a terrific struggle, we roped one of Junho's hind legs and horse-hobbled him to the post.

What a sight that was! The elephant played merry Hades the whole time, squealing, whistling, and trumpeting in a thousand different keys.

I went out to him at least a dozen times, but all to no purpose; my visits only made him worse. At last, in the geysering down, limp and weary, I untressed out and cut the rope.

"You son of a bitch!" I roared, shaking my fist under his nose. "B——"

But I did nothing. How could I, with that little trunk gently fondling my hair, and a pair of bright, pingy eyes fairly dancing with gratitude?

Immediately he was free he ambled straight over to the garden fence at the far side of the compound and

commenced rooting up everything within reach of his trunk. He had started that practice long ago—the first hour he arrived, as a matter of fact.

As yet he could not get into the garden, but already there was a seven-inch strip running the full thirty-yard length inside the fence where he had crawled over and torn up onions, carrots, pumpkins, cabbages, and so on. It was only a question of time, of course, before he uprooted the fence, and as it proved.

Toward down, two nights after we started severer has to the stake, I heard tearing and strident, accompanied by the usual squalls. Jumping out of bed, I peered cautiously through my window, but the damage was done. The copperpot looked like Great Gertie in miniature. He had made a grand job of wrecking the garden, so far as I could make out there wasn't a single vegetable left in the ground.

Something had to be done about it, so that night we decided to lock Junho up in the stable. The stable was a long but made of mud and grass, with a dried-mud partition in the center which separated the two horses from the five mafus. That partition was quite a strong affair.

After consultation with Rorwuh, I arranged to move the horses to another hut and put Junho in their end of the stable. He would not be able to see the mafus, of course, but he would hear them, and they could also hear him.

A pity we hadn't thought of that sooner.

The youngster seemed quite pleased when I led him by the ear into his new quarters. He always accompanied me closely when I grabbed hold of one of his big ears—generally to lead him from school.

Shortly after daybreak Rorwuh slid noiselessly into my hut. He was inimitable to himself, mutter-folksom, and rolling his eyes. Something had evi-

EXPERIMENTS have proved that when you sleep you are weakest. After breakfast your strength slightly increases so that by 3 p.m. you are at the peak. Walking then sets in and continues until after breakfast next day.

Even though your body may get fatigued at 100 per cent efficiency you won't die if you lose your gall bladder, spleen, appendix or bladder. You can still keep in the land of the living if you have only one kidney, two quarts of blood and half a brain.

deadly aspect has pretty badly.

"What's wrong, Roosevelt?" I asked.
He shook his head. "Moles gone, house gone, elephant gone, stable gone," he growled hoarsely, then he exploded again.

I sat up and asked: "Moles gone, elephant gone, stable gone?" I echoed.
"What the devil do you mean, Roosevelt?"

His eyes rolled, showing the whites. "You know, you see, Roosevelt . . . all blamed at first goes!" Roosevelt had learned to speak English.

No uninvited animal had disturbed my slumber, but in the middle of the night that conformed elephant had pulled down the partitions dividing huts from the mafatis, and the mafatis, in turn, had kicked out one end of the stable. All that was left was a heap of rubble and straw!

There was no sign of any of the animals, but about an hour later down, Jumbo ambled peacefully into the compound and at once began squealing for his milk.

I cursed him roundly as I assembled a party of boys to go after the mafatis and horses. I also decided

that, much as I loved him, Jumbo and I must part.

My eyes grew moist as I wrote, for it seems only yesterday that Jan Coster, a great elephant-hunter of the period, rode into the compound to take Jumbo away. I had written and asked if he would accept the little fellow.

"Beast, any trouble is you?" asked Jim.

I laughed hysterically.

"Trouble?" I spluttered. "Oh, no; he's a little angel from heaven." I pointed to the devastated garden, to the ruins of the stable; the fresh scratch on the roof of my hut. I also indicated a heap of flattened pots and pans and my flattened amo bath.

Jim looked at me and grunted understandingly. "They're playful little bungers when they're young," he remarked.

Coster had arrived with a transport wagon, a long, covered affair drawn by a team of eighteen Afrikaner oxen. The "ship of the veld" is still seen to-day even in the cities, and at the time I wrote of, it was the only means of transporting loads any distance in South Africa, apart from a single line of railroads which connected the Cape to Port Elizabeth and Salisbury, and terminated at Beira, in Portuguese East Africa.

Coster's driver was a Boer, like himself—a big, bearded fellow who looked as strong as one of his own. His assistant, a colored Cape boy, held the reins. In Africa the fellow who holds the whip is the driver.

The business now was to get Jumbo into the wagon. Jim produced a plank and a length of rope, lashed the former against the tailboard of the wagon, and our gamester was in position.

"I think I can get him aboard without the rope," I said to Jim.

"Can you?" The boisterous Jumbo reflectively, and I thought he looked somewhat sceptical.

Jumbo had run towards the wagon directly it lumbered into the compound, and an explosive and destructive trunk was already presenting the situation. Perhaps he thought it was some kind of mobile gunpowder, especially brought along for his to spread. I caught one of his ears and led him gently back a few paces to where the edge of the plank rested on the ground.

"Come along, old chap," I said. "Up, boy! Up a dump!"

He snorted and drew back. I tried again. He snarled, dashed his head, snout and hand, and buried me like a goat, whereupon I sat down in the dust. Jim grabbed the other ear, and the next second he sat down beside me.

"Better try the rope," he said, thoughtfully, as we both rose to our feet.

We secured the rope round Jumbo's neck, then preparing a loop and knot so that it would not tighten and choke him. Then I called over about a dozen of my boys.

At last we managed to get him half-way up the board. Then, just when victory seemed in sight, the oxen suddenly lurched forward, the long-plank crashed to the ground . . . and we all fell in a heap with the elephant on top of us! He scampered

off, waving his trunk, the rope trailing behind him, and a dozen natives hot in pursuit.

Coster rose slowly and searched for his rope. I also rose, wiping my moist forehead. Beads of sweat trickled over my eyebrows, studded on my eyelashes.

Jim had arranged to transport him from Grootfontein, the nearest railroad, to the Johannesburg Zoo.

"Long walk to Grootfontein, for a baby," said Jim, thoughtfully.

Afrika I agreed.

"But, if he won't go mands," Jim concluded, "then he must walk outside."

The natives had now caught Jumbo, and so he knew them all he came walking back with them apparently quiet and subdued. Peter trailing wretchedly at his side.

Jim placed the plank back in the wagon and tied the loose end of the rope to the tailboard, after carefully re-examining the knot that secured the loop to Jumbo's neck. I stepped forward to bid the little fellow farewell. I had rather dreaded this moment.

"Goodbye, old chap!" I whispered.
The compound seemed strangely lonely and desolate as I walked slowly back to my hut.

I missed the little fellow.



It started this way



A common result of British conception of India is the fact that you live in a "bangalow." This name for a type of house is simply an English corruption of "bhāṇḍā" or "bhāṇḍā," which means "hanging in bunches." The bungalow was originally the only type of house in which Englishmen lived in India and Malaya.



In 1866 an American with toothache agreed to let dentist Wells give him a dose of ether to try and kill the pain of extraction—he felt no pain, and was the first patient of modern dentistry and surgery to benefit by anaesthesia. Though anaesthesia was not successfully practised for centuries, the Arabs and the Chinese both mixed opium, henbane and doses with good results.



His name has been forgotten, but he was quite a comedian. He may have played all-night rounds, or have been a roadside King's court jester, but his invention raised a laugh. He fixed two sticks together so that when they were used to rub his "feet soot" a loud crackling sound resulted without burning the skin. So all broad comedy seems to be called "slapstick."



At Boston Dispensary, in 1883 an eminent doctor named Parkes announced that he had accidentally noticed something peculiar about the bodies he had analysed—in every case the print made by the finger wet in a different pattern. The Frenchman Berillais made a special study of Parkes's observation, and in 1885 fingerprints were accepted as a means of identification.



STAGEHANDS *Angle*

THE STAGE IS SET. Up on his perch amongst the lights the technician pushes a lever, pulls a rope and the ambient rises to proscenium level—the female form is ingeniously poised to spill success to another Picnic revue. Many might envy him his job, but back-stage experience has shattered his illusions, and he is wiser than the high hats who pay fancy prices for front row seats. Moreover, this is a distorted impression of the stage as will be seen from the next photograph overleaf.



SCENES LIKE THIS at a famed Peru house give an impression of wild life back-stage, but to the visitors and spectators it is part of another night's work. To the girls it means patient standing in crowded dressing-rooms, or drearily waiting, awaiting their cue. When off stage they huddle in wings, as much to keep warm as to protect themselves from the gaze of the down or se-



stage-birds. And, if this should seem strangely unnecessary, when compared with nude appearances before an audience of 1000, the profusion respects their useful modesty. When the last curtain drops and the powerful arc lights no longer glare, the girls hurry away. In most cases the serious business of Peru allows them little time for revelry.



The Chinese were among the first doctors and not all subscribe to superstitious beliefs

A Dose of Dried Lizard

ANTHONY STRONG

AH KEE was a very sick Chinese. He collapsed in a city street, lay on the ground and pointed agonizingly to his stomach. He was sweating profusely, and his friends left no doubt that he urgently needed attention.

He protested weakly when a passer-by placed him in a taxi cab and told the driver to take Ah Kee to hospital, what he wanted, said the Chinese, was to be taken to that part of the city where he knew he would find medical aid of his own kind.

Fifteen minutes later, he came out of a Chinese herbologist's with his stomach pains gone. The medical aid of his ancestors had again proved their efficacy.

Was Ah Kee's cure psychosomatic? It is possible, for psychological cures—and ill—have never been the preserve of the West.

It is not surprising that a son of China in temporary exile from his native land, will prefer to seek the ministrations of a countryman in whose medical knowledge—whatever it may be from European standards—he has confidence rather than a man agreed whom he is traditionally predisposed.

Most Chinese herbologists practicing in Australia have been forsaken by the use of dried lizards, snakes and kraitpida. One well-known Sydney herbologist shuns the "new look" in herbal prescriptions—

"The basis of our remedies is much the same as those used in the British Pharmacopoeia. If the more exotic remedies were ever used here which I doubt, it was long before I started practicing—and that is over 30 years ago."

Emperor Chin-nong who ruled in 270 B.C., is reputed to have pro-

duced a catalogue of Chinese herbs which included many herbs currently used by white doctors. He made a plan that the ingredients of the prescription were the chemicals contained in the items named in the recipe.

One of the most sought-after Chinese herbs is Ginseng, a root found thousands of years ago by a cook who, unimpressed by its similarity to the shape of a man's sex, carried it to an authority who pronounced that, brewed as a tea, it could possess invigorating qualities. According to the Chinese, Ginseng is the best and most potent of tonics, stimulates stomach and circulation, and, above all, it will best stimulate and re-invigorate failing forces. So that he has this root in his mouth will hold out at labor as long as ten as he has it not."

Ginseng roots are so prized that they sell at the English apothecary of from £18 to £25—and are thus available in China only to the upper classes. Yet it has been proven that the root actually has little therapeutic value beyond being a mild aromatic stimulant, so that its effect is induced psychosomatically.

According to a Sydney herbologist, 80 per cent of drugs used by white doctors are derived from herbs, all of which have their counterpart in Chinese herbology. He personally keeps a range of 400 ingredients, and as many as it may be used to fill one prescription.

"However," he said, "many of my patients are Europeans, and for that reason, most remedies can be supplied in pill form, thus avoiding the necessity for the client to have a remedy at home. Frankly, there are many more pleasant odors than those given off by brewing herbs."

Like other herbologists interviewed, he refused to divulge the ingredients of his remedies, stating that most of them differ in some degree to those of his competitors. He emphasized,

too, that in Australia, at least, it is literally impossible to source remedies containing exotic ingredients such as dried bamboo snakes. Such "cures," he said may still be popular in China, but to Europeans the thought of taking them would be repulsive.

Prices for herbologists' remedies average a half guinea for a box day course. For that amount, you may receive Sui Yen-tai, for treatment of nervous disorders; Hien Hian, for infants; Meng Gai, to remedy forgetfulness; Say Hoed, for nose bleeding, while for 10s. Sam Choek will purge worms and Gwang Tew prevent hair from falling out.

How efficient are such remedies? Dr. Richard Frenz, who accompanied the Chinese Eighth Army on a campaign some years ago, said at a medical conference:

"By analysis and clinical treatment, we have learned that much of Chinese medicine is scientific, although no Chinese doctor can explain the scientific action."

An Australian medical view is that while the ingredients contained in remedies are unlikely to harm the patient, Chinese herbologists do their clients a disservice because they are not generally able adequately to diagnose the complaints of their patients. Furthermore, added the authority, during treatment for one symptom, really serious complaints may be overlooked, as the symptoms may indicate some dangerous physical state calling for treatment which herbologists cannot give—and which, if they were able to carry out, they would not be allowed by law to do.

There is no doubt, however, that the present-class Chinese, at home and abroad, will continue to hearken to the words of Wu Tai who, it is said, lived in 80 B.C. and is reputed to be the Father of Chinese herbologists:

"I will go with thee, and be thy guide; In the need need, to go by thy side."

WHAT GREAT MINDS THINK OF SUCCESS

Success the mark no mortal hit,
Or mortal hand, can always hit.

Butler Mudlarks

Things ill-got had ever bad success

Shakespeare. Henry VI.

God will estimate
Success one day.

R. Browning. Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau.

These are the English acts, these we profess,
To be the curse in misery and success
To teach oppression laws, assist the good,
Relieve the wretched, and subdue the proud

Holiday. The Man of Honour

The true touchstone of merit—success.

Byron. Marino Faliero

The fame of success diminishes, when the motives of success are forgotten.
Huske. The Stones of Venice.

Self-trust is the first secret of success.

Emerson

"The last in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more. Bengurias we'll deserve it

Addison. Cato.

★ J. Arthur Rank's Rosemary Tressell is
right freight for any skipper's port.



BIRD



Genghis Khan

No war correspondent need be out of work while there's an Army.

In brief ages we are used to be due to the fact that it is awakening from the long darkness of the past—but in that dark past we had nightmares which were if anything worse than those of the present.

The world has never seen a more powerful war lord than Asia's ancient Genghis Khan. He scourched half the world in blood and caused a paroxysm of terror of which no power in history has known equal.

Genghis Khan marched with his Golden Hordes over many dozens of provinces and kingdoms often leaving only ruins to fly over once populous lands and a nationhood behind that he and his army were the soldiers of Anti-Christ come to reap the last dreadful harvest. His mounted cohorts were an early form of blitzkrieg. Men looked to serve him in hundreds and after desperate battles he became master of the Gobi desert.

In 1211 he anticipated the effects of the Magyar raid, turned against the Kingdom of Cathay—with a contempt of nations who trusted to walls for protection. His spies had prepared reports of the country; he was let through the wall by way of Khotan, and the Chinese—although of a higher culture, and possessing a knowledge of gunpowder—could not withstand his attacks. The emperor fled to safer regions and by 1218

Genghis Khan had the greater part of Cathay under his control.

He next took an army of a quarter of a million men down Lake Balkul and Siberia over the ranges of Middle Asia on his shield as Tamerlane. This was a task beyond the hope of modern arms to accomplish, but Genghis received no insurmountable hindrance when short of food they merely opened the veins in their horses, drank some blood and chose the wine again. Before Genghis Khan himself arrived in Persia his sixteen generals fought terrible battles with the forces of the Shah who, although at first victorious, never recovered from an overpowering loss of the morale. The war raged along a thousand-mile front. The cities of Islam, Balkh, Herat and Samarkand were taken with great plunder and terrible massacres.

Greater victories were to come. The Monks defended 32,000 Russians along the Dzungar, they went into the Crimea and crossed into Europe. They reached Persia, throughout India, across all from Tibet to the Caspian Sea. Genghis Khan was Emperor of all men. When he died in 1227 he left his sons the most destructive army and the greatest Empire.

Todays Australia, and the rest of the world, wields with growing alarm the possible birth of a new world power, and wonder the fate of the Western world if it should in fact supplant.



CRIME

passionelle

★ RODERICK THREW

He thought he knew about this woman. But he knew too late.

SHE came in smiling. She swept past him like a breeze, and whatever she had hidden behind her ears before she left home was all off the air, and he smelt it.

He closed the door and followed her down the hallway of the apartment. As she crossed the spongey carpet of the lounge he watched the nipples reflex of her back. When she eased herself into the deep chair he watched the wonderful glory of her milk-crossed legs. She meant him to see her knees, and he did.

"How's your wife?" she asked. Her grey eyes twinkled as they met his in the chair. She didn't care about his wife. She didn't care about anything except wanting him. But the blood to ruined her as he had a wife.

"All right," he nodded.

"Difficult as ever," she asked. He nodded again. "After all, she lives a free life, she gets a comfortable income from me, what has she to worry about?" he said.

The woman grasped and held his hand.

"She hasn't anything to worry about," she said laishly. In the following pause she squeezed his hand. He looked down, and he saw the smile vanish from her face. Her change of mood was infectious; he felt it, and it was uneasy. "I have to make the sacrifice," she said softly. She dragged the words out slowly, poised as if none were coming, and they didn't come.

"The sacrifice?" he asked.

Only she stood between him and a vibrant, seductive girl.

She let go his hand and dove deeply on her cigarette. She watched the smaller trinkets from her finely chiselled nose. Her grey eyes fastened on a chrysanthemum stock and stayed there.

He sat down on the arm of her chair and made an effort to enhance

her. She was cold as molten "A sacrifice?" he asked in a whisper.

She shook her head with a quick, decisive gesture that wriggled the short curly hair.

"Don't make me talk about it, darling," she said. "It's bad enough."

"Do you mean—about us?" he asked.



She kept staring at the chromed clock.

"I know the sacrifice of being away from you sons of the time," she said. Her eyes were alive as she said it, and looked into his. He tightened his arms round her, and then she threw herself into his arms, clinging to him as if in fear, and whispered,

"If only she was dead, if only she was dead!" the woman whispered.

"She isn't getting in our way," he said.

His wife wouldn't suffice. She didn't care what he did, she said long ago she knew what to expect of men. She had what she wanted, and she was happy with it. She lived her life spending his money. She sent him her dress bills and her garage bills as well. He hadn't seen her for over a year.

"If only she was dead," the girl repeated. She made him very uncomfortable that she was close.

He tapped with the end like. Played with it in wonderment. She was terribly healthy, that wife-in-law. She was good for another thirty years. Thirty years was too long to wish—he looked at the silvery blonde hair on his shoulder, felt the vibrant warmth of the girl in his arms, and wondered how she would be at thirty years.

He couldn't visualize thirty years. He couldn't remember back that far, and he didn't even know how long again it would be. He wondered if he could kill.

The girl in his arms seemed to read his thoughts.

"Why don't you . . ." she said. She didn't say any more than that, and he knew what she meant.

"My God, no," he concluded.

"There must be a way . . . some sort of accident . . ."

He took his arms from around her and pushed her away. "Please don't talk like that, darling," he said. "I know how you feel. I know how I

feel. But—"

There was a long silence. She had gone back to the deep chair, and her skirt was above her knees. He saw as much of her legs as she wanted him to see, and felt disturbed. He caught another whiff of the perfume she dabbed behind her ears, and the after-dinner wine chose the moment to seep through the window onto the long whiteness of her throat and neck. His pulses beat hard.

Then, when the last sentence was almost forgotten, she crooned "Babe—"

"Lover," he told her. "I think of us happy in the sun, calm and contented in a long walk in the country. I think of us happy always. We couldn't be happy if we remembered . . ."

"We'd forget," she said. "You couldn't remember unpleasant things if you were with me all the time." She stretched, and he watched her soft slumbering beauty.

He felt distressed. "No you忘 it. I won't do it! I couldn't! I wouldn't know how!" he said tightly. "How don't talk that way any more?"

"The way there," she said.

He poured her a drink. She walked him back, looking over the rim of the glass into his eyes. She sipped at her drink and said, "Aren't I awful, thinking of things like that? Do forgive me, my love."

He swallowed his drink and sat down beside her. Her fingers played in his hair, and he wanted to make love to her, but she wouldn't let him.

"Give me another drink soon," she said. "I'm all coaxed up. I might run away"

They drank again. They stood there and drank until it was almost dark. It was too dark to see the chromed round clock across the room. Feeling dark cut the windows out of the darker wall. They were made by cold, but the gloom made their faces suffocated while patches of the gloom and the drink.

He got up to get the light on. When he was standing beside her she reached out and grasped his hand, and asked him where he was parked.

"We could do with some light," he said.

"Don't put the light on, sis . . ." she groaned, her husky voice said something to him when she said, slowly, "It's romantic here—in the dark."

Then she was in his arms again. He held her, told her whispers to her, and she sighed and snuggled against him and said, "To be happy, so proud to be yours. To be happy, who would want to know—do see us now. To like your wife to see us—before the dinner . . ."

They kept talking. When he got up sharply and went out, she said, "Had I been to home—or shall I wait?"

He said thickly, "Yes please yourself. You'd best go home."

She shook her head and stretched again, in that felicitous way.

"It may have. It's not understood and go to bed. Come in quickly. I might be asleep."

"If you are—" he started.

She squeezed his arm and gave him a little half drunken kiss.

"Wake me up," she said.

She went into the bedroom and closed the door softly. He stood across the room after her, knocked on the door. "The evening will," he said.

"When you come back," she called.

He turned the door handle, but she'd locked it. He rattled on the door, and she called, almost gaily, "When you come back—and please be quick!"

Everything he did seemed only half real. He felt as if he was walking on air, and the traffic noises were distant. His car purred along as if it were being driven by somebody else. Once when he fell in his pocket to make sure the knife was there the point of it pricked his finger, drawing blood

He didn't feel the smart of it.

He thought about his wife, about the curious way she had grown to hate him. He thought about the way she stood between him and an adoring violinist girl, and he resented the intrusion on her. She thought she deserved. She was silent for a while.

When he returned to the flat he thought that it was all very simple. He had walked the last mile, leaving the car outside a theatre. Afterwards he had bought the lady in the suit of a flowered an apron, and he was unashamed.

When he went in, the flat was dark. "Don't make a noise," she said. "I might be asleep."

He put the light on and took off his overcoat. He undressed in the second bedroom. Then he went in to her. He remembered the smile on her face as she said, "Wake me up."

But he didn't wake her up. She wasn't there.

The effects of the whisky were off, and he began to remember how it had off been. Remembering that, and worrying where the girl had been, he had a pretty bad night. He thought the down would never come.

It was still dark when the telephone went, and he thrilled as he answered it to hear the voice of the girl.

"Thanks, darling," she said. "I've just seen it in the papers. They call it the perfect crime. God, you're clever, my darling."

He didn't even pause himself. "Where are you in heaven's name?" he asked.

"She gave a bawdy laugh. "Goodbye, darling," she said. "I'll never be able to repay you. Now she's out of the way my husband will come back to me—and he's too awfully rich to have let her get away with him."

That was all he heard. That was all that was left to him—that, and realization.

Papa whirled towards Dewey but he was too late to save the little man.

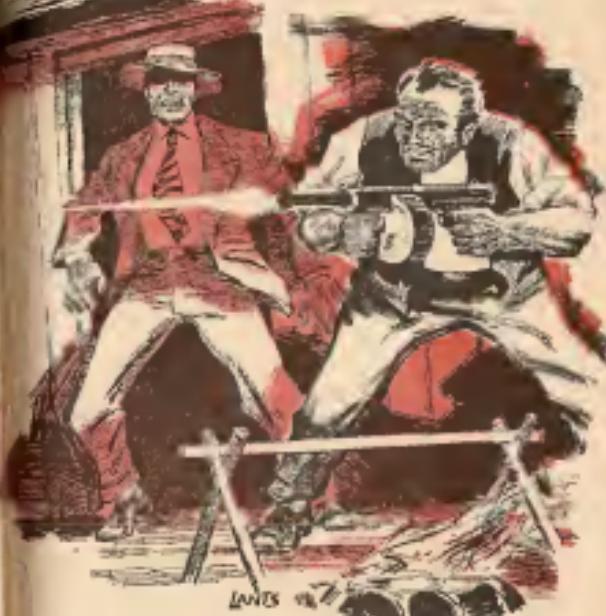


TOO SMART TO LIVE

Nathan was a double-crosser at heart.
Always feared other guys by himself.

The mucky swamp stretched east for miles ahead. It was damp, black-soggy mud, from five to fifty feet deep. In spots, the water covered the mudlog; in other places, it was several feet below the surface. The only vegetation was the mucky mess itself and a few stunted trees, whose roots went down to solid earth many feet below.

Nothing lived in this country except thousands of rabbits—and a few hunting hawks. The rabbits, used the same runways had, thrashed countless ramifications, pounded the mucky into a criss-cross pattern of trails. Men could walk on those trails, too, if there were something in the mucky swamp of Nathan Minnesota they wanted badly enough.



Four of the five men, walking in single file along the narrow paths until did want something badly. That was why they were here. The fifth man, who was in the lead, did not want anything in this swamp. He walked desperately that he was miles away from it. He was a little, skinny fellow and wore a black-and-white checked suit, a pearl-grey fedora and bright-yellow shoes. He looked like a cheap gambler or race-track tout.

The four men, behind him, were cut from a different mould. They were big, athletic men. They wore city clothes, but their broad faces indicated that they spent much of their time outdoors. The first man behind the little fellow carried a Thompson sub-machine gun. The two men following had shot-loading shotguns. The file-clothes carried a

THE property of cold in preserving tissue is being increasingly utilized by scientists. In a recent issue of the Journal of the American Medical Association, Dr. Lyleen Weeks discusses the following case:

An Indian workman had his thumb nearly severed in an accident. Four hours later the parts were stitched together. After this action, the thumb was kept in ice for twenty-four hours. The result was a complete recovery.

A five-year-old girl had her finger nearly severed with a hatchet, leaving only a thin bridge of skin. After surgery, the finger was packed in ice for thirty-six hours. Result, a perfect finger.

machine gun. All four had automatic shoulder holsters.

The little man in the lead was unswayed. He didn't seem to be enjoying himself. It was a chilly fall day, but he was perspiring freely. After some time of walking, he stopped and turned around.

"We're almost there now," he croaked in a hoarse voice. "The cabin's right there in that bunch of trees."

The scared men's jaws bunched. "Keep right on going. And if you know what's good for you, you'll just make any noise or give any warning. Understand?"

The little man closed his lips. "Yeah, but I'm telling you if Jim Farge or Denney, the Greek, get a look at me, they're going to shoot me first. They'll figure that I put the finger on them."

"Well didn't you, Naturals?" asked the man with the Tommy-gun pointedly.

Naturals Woodham shivered. "You made me do it, Mr. Farnham. You said if I didn't, you'd send me up for ten years. And you know I couldn't stand ten years—not with my hands."

"I'll keep my part of the bargain," replied Farnham. "The government isn't interested in mail-stealing like you—but we do want Jim Farge and Nick

Dorsetta. Now, let's move on."

Naturals turned back to the trail. Up ahead, went Jim Farge and Denney, the Greek. Public Enemies numbers 1 and 2 Naturals knew where their hideout was.

Three years ago Naturals had heard that Tommy Logan was looking for Jim Farge. He'd told Farge about it, and Farge had decided that it might be a very pleasant thing to go up into the northwoods for a few weeks of deer hunting. Naturals had decided to go along, because it wasn't considered healthy to watch on Tommy Logan.

They'd found this old trapper's cabin and had camped out in it for a couple of weeks. They took with them only food and a radio. After two weeks, they heard over the radio that "Mad Dog" Tommy Logan had been cut down in a telephone booth, and figured that it was therefore safe to return to the city.

It showed Farge's genius for organization that job on Logan. The man had come up to scratch just as though he'd been there himself directing operations. He was always directing—Farge—ever getting himself personally involved in the dirty work. You had to give it to him; he had the knock of some men in the right places.

Denney, for instance. Denney was hot on the trigger. Naturals was pretty sure that Denney had been responsible for the logan job. He didn't know for sure, and he never found out. They didn't talk in Farge's gang, and if the police had any ideas, they hadn't been able to do anything about them.

Denney had made it clear as soon as they got back that he wasn't in love of Naturals because he was rough. But Farge had brought even Denney to love in the matter of Naturals. Naturals always paid his debts and Naturals was a debt he'd saved his life. Denney and the rest knew there was nothing for it but to accept Naturals.

Naturals knew where he figured in the set-up. They hadn't trusted him straight. Farge didn't trust him either. That was why he kept him so close, that was why he'd found him Dolly. She had been fun, but Naturals knew Farge was paying her just to keep her busy when Farge couldn't be watching him. But what reason to Naturals? He'd got what he wanted, and he had the laugh on them.

Seven Farge's life had been a wonderful chance to put him on easy street. And it had come off. Since then he'd been making all on Farge's back all because Farge figured he owned it to him for saving his life. It had been a swell three years—well past well done. Naturals had enjoyed the sense of power he gained in the reflection of Farge's genius. He'd even given up smoking after awhile. No point when Farge's money was his for the taking. And Farge was doing better and better. The shackles were passing in and Naturals wondered if there could be anyone who wasn't paying in to Farge's purse.

He'd taken plenty himself and now he'd feel a cold shurt what he was doing. Worst of it was he

couldn't be sure of getting out of it alive. He knew Denney's reputation. He'd never missed a shot, and he sure wouldn't miss this one if he could lay his sights on Naturals. And even if he did pull this off, what then? He'd be back on his own again. The same old life, taking the consequences on the top, mostly taking the best. And Farge's crowd would be onto him. He'd been too confident in Farge, never thought he could live on him.

Funny how it happened. Farge was careful about public places, particularly since the bank hold-up when a teller had got in the way of Denney's gun. But last's last was off the highway and, in any case Long was absent. They'd had a private room.

It had been Dolly's birthday and Denney had treated a Chinese dinner out in the middle of the countryside. Thinking it over, Naturals wondered if Denney hadn't put the poker up to it. It was hard to get away from Farge. Getting rid of him was almost the only way of bringing it off.

Most of the time was pretty wild when they'd got there, but Naturals remembered that Farge, as usual, was alert. All thoughts that need be kept in eye on Long, and he was working to knock 'em up when he got Long's office. What happened then was no fault that Naturals was left holding the check. Knowing somehow that Denney and Farge had gone before the police burst in on them. Farge gone without Naturals! And Naturals was taking a bit of consideration. They'd known he'd been in on the bank robbery.

And now Naturals Woodham, who had once saved Jim Farge's life was putting the finger on him—leading the police to his hideout.

Jim Farge wouldn't like that one bit. He didn't care. Naturals and the four Decks still had two hundred yards from the thick patch of timber-

INSCORD

She won him with her lilting voice
As it is song you named
Before they wed, her pretty voice
Was what he mainly praised
But now she makes a song about
Just anything, and grieves
Natrals, in Pay-Days next door,
He must supply the notes.

—DIE M.

was coming along the trail, a sub-machine gun dangling from his right hand. Then Naturals saw the dark form, half buried in the masking, and felt suddenly very sick.

"Yeah, I got one of 'em," remarked Jim Fango.

"Two," said Denney, the Greek. "One of the other guys isn't gonna do no walkin' for a while. They had to carry him off."

"They'll be back—more of 'em. We're through Denney," said Fango.

The Greek's glittering eyes settled on Naturals. "Because this house put the finger on us." He tilted up his machine gun, began swinging it around toward Naturals.

The little tout receded and almost lost his footing in the masking. "Don't, don't," he begged. "Just...don't let him get me out."

Fango held up his hand. "Wait, Denney. There's time for that. We got to find out some things—where they come from, how many there are."

Denney glowered but lowered his gun. "Awright," he said. "Talkin' fast."

"There wasn't but the four of them," yelped Naturals. "They just a car back there on the road, about three miles from here."

"Three miles?" snorted Fango. "That means they'll carry the wounded one to the car and drive him to town. They'll get more help there, then come back and surround us. Take 'em about three hours—maybe two and a half if they drive fast and get help quick."

"Two and a half hours," said Denney. "Plenty of time to get away. They'll need an army to find us in that swamp."

"Unless they get dogs," Fango observed.

The Greek's eyes flashed. "Dogs? Yeah, I never thought of that. Sure, they'll get dogs." He shrigged. "I guess we're finished, huh, Jim?"

"Well, I knew it was only a matter of time once the Dutch got after us. I guess the others are mad at place as we. Come on, let's get ready."

"What about him?" asked Denney, jerking his head at Naturals.

"Take him along. Get movin', Naturals."

The little tout hopped nimbly about the hard masking trail. He brushed away. As long as they didn't kill him right away, he had a chance. Maybe he could talk himself out of the spot. He'd always been pretty good at that—and he had an ace up his sleeve.

The hideout of Jim Fango and Denney was a crude log cabin, little more than a lean-to. It had a door, but no windows. Inside, there was a double-bunk bunk, some blankets and a rough table made of split logs.

When they reached the cabin, Denney dropped down on a log beside the fire.

Naturals stopped at the door of the cabin, looked inside. "Just like she was three years ago, Jim," he said.

Fango looked sharply at Naturals. "What about it?"

Naturals plucked his axe. "Remember why me and you was hidin' out here?"

Jim Fango's eyes seemed to flash.

Naturals Naturals swallowed hard. "If I hadn't told you that Logan was after you, you'd nevah' heard me say. He was killin' crazy. You know that. You was in a tight then, and I saved your life. Well, I'm in a tight now. Get the idea?"

Fango shivered as he lowered his feet from the bunk, and suddenly he burst out. "Naturals, you're the honest, cheater, double-crosser I ever ran across!"

Naturals' collar suddenly felt very tight around his neck. He coughed, raspingly. "Honest, Jim. I couldn't help it. They had that rap on me. And you know I could never

stand ten years in the chain—not with my lungs."

Fango's face sobered and he looked steadily at Naturals. "Yeah," he admitted. "You did over my life that time. Maybe I do owe you something for that."

Naturals' eyes lit up eagerly. "You had a good time these three years?" "An' look what it got me," snarled Fango. "Hidin' out in the woods, like an animal with a pack of hounds after ya."

He turned away suddenly and stamped out of the cabin. Naturals, looking through the door, saw him talking to Denney. He heard snatches of the talk, and knew that Jim Fango was arguing.

After a few anxious moments, Denney threw up his hands, and Jim Fango came back into the cabin. "All right, Naturals, we've got to give you your chance."

"You're going to let me go?"

"Well, sort of," said Fango, looking at him with narrowed eyes. "But you're soon to get a modeling chance. You're a gambler, isn't ya?"

Naturals barked his laugh. "Yeah, I'm a gambler. What do we do? Cut the cards or roll for high point?"

Fango snarled. "Denney's seen you deal yourself four aces. So it won't be much. Here's what we're gonna do. Look." He pulled a switchblade from his breast pocket, tore out two sheets of paper. "You goin' to put a cross on one of these sheets—the other I'll leave blank. Then I'm gonna fold them both four ways and toss them outside on the ground. You'll come out of the cabin, pick up one of them. If it's clean, you start runnin'."

"But suppose I pick up the other—the one with the cross?"

"Then you start runnin', too—but Denney's cat lies on you with the tongue-out."

Naturals felt suddenly as if the

skies, when two machine guns began chattering, and bullets ploshed into the masking only a few feet in front of Naturals. The range was short but, before Fango and Denney could raise it, Naturals had thrown himself headlong from the trail into the masking. He landed in a deep hollow, sank into the soft, wet stuff. He burrowed down into it, as deep as he could. He didn't even try to see what the others were doing. His sole idea was to get as far out of sight as possible from Jim Fango and Denney, the Greek.

The machine guns ceased and chattered intermittently for three or four minutes, then suddenly they stopped. But Naturals didn't come out of his hole. Not until a voice shouted over him said: "All right, Naturals, get up."

Naturals lifted his head out of the oily mudhole and twisted it around. "Jim Fango," he gasped.

The lean face of the tall gangster twisted into a snarl. "Yeah, it's me. Get up, you rat."

Naturals Naturals struggled to his feet. He looked around and gulped. Mack Demarest, rascally and stocky,

temperature had dropped to twenty below zero. All his life he'd gambled—but in his way. Now he had to play the other fellow's game. The stake was his life.

"It isn't fair," he whined.

"Fair?" snarled Fango. "You talk about fair, after you brought the Duke up here! Gosh!" He turned suddenly and hurried out of the room.

Naturski watched him talking again with Danny, saw him pull out a pencil and scribble.

Fango returned. "All right," he snapped. "The two pieces of paper are on the ground. You pick up one of them. If it's clean, you start running like hell. If it isn't—Danny's ready."

His legs rubbery, Naturski stepped to the doorway. He looked at Danny sitting on the log, the tommy-gun in his hands. He saw the delighted grin on his swarthy face, and the truth suddenly hit him. Jim Fango and Danny were playing the cat-and-mouse game with him. They had

no intention of letting him go free. Fango had marked crosses on both sheets of paper.

Gambling chance, hell! He had as much chance of getting away alive as a farmer had of keeping his buckshot at a convention of shell-and-pea men.

Shell-and-pea men! A partner started before Naturski's eyes. It was something he'd seen years ago—a smart guy putting one over on a thimbles-and-peas man. The man had known that there really wasn't a pea under any of the thimbles. So he'd bet a roll that the pea was under the middle thimble. But when the gullor started to pick it up, he'd caught the man's hand and said, "No, we don't do it that way. We'll pick up the other two thimbles, and, if it isn't under either, then it must be under the middle one." The thimbles-and-pea man had squawked, of course, but the man had showed the butt of a huge horse-pistol and had coldly picked up the two outside shells. Of course he had won.

Perhaps Naturski could pull the same stunt here. He knew Jim Fango, at all. He knew that if he could get him, Fango would stick to the answer—he had to.

He took a deep breath and stepped out of the cabin. He saw the two squares of white paper on the ground, stooped and picked one up. He held it for both Jim Fango and Danny to see.

"This is the one I'm picking," he said.

"All right, open it up," said Fango. "If it's clean, you go. If not—"

"No," said Naturski. "I won't do it that way. I'm picking the one, but I won't look at it."

Before either of the two gamblers could protest he stepped up to the fire and tossed the folded piece of paper on the coals. These wrapped up, enveloped it in a flesh and the paper was gone.

"Now," said Naturski. "I'll look at the other one. If it's got a cross on it, then, the one I picked must have been clean—and I'm free!"

Fango's jaw was slack, and his eyes seemed to be popping from his head. Naturski looked at him and chuckled. Both were blank.

He picked up the second square of paper, exploded it.

It was clean!

A horrified cry burst from Naturski's mouth. He looked wildly at Jim Fango, saw his sober face. He whirled toward Danny—and the Greek raised his machine gun . . .

Dick Demarco said: "It's a good thing he picked the wrong piece of paper. Just because he can avoid your life doesn't mean Joe you to get soft-hearted. Hell, we're in this fix because he double-crossed you."

Jim Fango stood down at the huddled body of Naturski. "Yeah," he said slowly. "Naturski was a double-crosser at heart. He never could see things straight. Always figured other guys by himself. He was a wise guy—if he only knew!"

"Know what?"

Fango's eyes were black. "What the hell, Danny—you and me, we're going to get ours in a little while and he did save my life once. I really meant to let him go. I gave him a sure-thing gunboil, and he twisted it around and lost his life by it. You see—both of those sheets of paper



BEWARE snags

BEACH DISASTER BY GLENN

Song Number One . . . Enclose herself with large hat and sunglasses and very little else. When you finally get around to asking if she has a match she turns out to be either a girl friend of yours with your sister-in-law or maybe even the little wagon herself!

Song Number Two . . . She's hard to get while only knowing a large male between you and her gorgeous little self. The hell of it is that you don't know whether he is her Father, brother, boy-friend, husband, or just some bloke who doesn't like you anyway.



Song Number Three . . . Skips skitterily around you with all the tricks of a playful kitten until you can stomach yourself no longer and decide to join in the happy fun games willy-nilly, wherein most of her pale pals arise from nowhere and gleefully chuck you into the drink.

Song Number Four . . . On the beach in a nappy costume she really knows how to loop. You make an appointment to take her home to see the folks and when she comes in fully dressed she again keeps you for a loop — only in a different way.



Song Number Five . . . Runs running around all day swimming up and down the beach, etc., until you sit so far out you won't even think you could run that far. Then runs off with the well who has been loitering around in the background all day.

Song Number Six . . . The beauty who looks like a model out of a smart City Store window. Letting you see to discover that she not only looks nice but is all friends, and moreover is a dumb dummy.

Passing Sentences

A man's love affair is just beginning when he comes to talk about it.

The test of good manners is being able to put up pleasantly with bad ones.

Laurels have a habit of dragging when you try to rest on them.

Bones are no trouble if you monopolise the conversation yourself.

People who live in glass houses are interesting neighbours.

A new baby brightens up the house, especially at night.

The penalty for a stolen kiss can be a life sentence.

As soon as she left she was the life of the party.

A woman never knows what she wants until she buys it.

Dentation: Pass 'em off as being the eyebrows instead of the real.

Some people's voices are hard to extinguish over the telephone.

Dancing: Triumph of mind over plister.

Sighs in a theatre: 30 Beautiful Girls—30 Beautiful Costumes.

She learned to say things with her eyes that others waste time putting into words.

People who complain that there is no justice are usually hoping it's so.



"And don't forget. Every great inventor your told his idea was impossible!"



Cradle of GLAMOUR

Did you think glamour girls were born that way? Forget it! Truth is that half of glamour is pose—and you get that little thing the hard way! Girls don't walk around with books as a new crazy hand-drawn—they do it as an excuse to make them keep the body posture which gives them what is known to all good novelists as "the deportment of a queen."



THIS isn't a holiday from learning how to look lovely—it's an examination at the glamour school; and those who don't pass the exam get all wet! That thick board will stay right where it is—if the walkers have learned their lesson in polite. And, oh yes—they're cheating if they look at their feet while they strike the crossing.



All the gracefully walking women in the one who attracts attention (we should all say special attention!) the face has to stand up to inspection, too. The shape used at this American Glamour school shows the shape of lips that suits the shape of face you have. Subtle! Sure! And very becoming to the male eye, too.



SO THESE LASSIES passed the test. They swam out dry, and went into this pose. Very hard to make this look lively and attractive, but their bodies must have earned their bones, if the way they do the job counts at all. The girls who graduate become beauticians, and models. They may even live to be film stars.

MEDICINE ON THE MARCH



PAGARINE is the name of a new drug controlling heart rhythm. Quindine has previously been used in such forms of heart disease, but it has been difficult to obtain, since the Japanese invasion of Java—control of most of the world's supply of quinine and quindine. Pagarine comes from the leaves and young twigs of *Eusideroxylon*, a tree growing in central and northern Argentina. Animal studies have shown it more active in effect than quindine.

* * *

A RECENTLY developed electric eye technique for detecting and removing uterine polyps is a new aid to research on the common cold, influenza and hay fever.

HALF A POUND of liver to be eaten every day, or three cooked sausages every week for 800, have been the dismal outlook for sufferers of pernicious anemia. Now, at last, a few small red, needle-shaped crystals injected by hypodermic once in a while will suffice. At present there is no trade of the vitamin, but it cannot even be supplied to research workers outside the duveline laboratories, Merck and Co., so patients will not be able to get it for some time.

* * *

A NEW anti-gum benzene-polymer—in tablet form at the moment if it comes up to expectations it may

replace streptomycin in treatment of some serious diseases, though, as far as is known, it is not effective against tuberculosis germs, against which streptomycin is powerful.

* * *

SOUTH AFRICAN scientists believe that DDT may provide an answer to the menace of tsetse fly which carries a deadly blood infection to cattle and game, and dangerous sickness to human beings. Experiments are to be carried out in South Africa in a reserve in Rhodesia, where the disease has wiped out large herds of game.

* * *

ACCORDING to Soviet Tass Agency a Prof. Medvedov of the Moscow Special Institute has evolved a preparation for use in blood injections against shock. It is known as bloodid, and the drug is smelted with sucrose injected with the solution recovered from states of shock within two minutes.

* * *

RACHITACIN—a new penicillin-like drug, really effective but unless the unprettish remains of penicillin—is likely to provide a remedy for sore throat. Experiments are being carried out at the University of Michigan Hospital, where it has given satisfactory results with colds, sore throats and secondary ear infections developing after mastoid operations.

Life was finished anyhow. Better to end it in the cause of justice.

CEDRIC R. MENTILPLAY



tidy suicide

THERE is one case at least which provides a new and interesting slant on the question of suicide—one known case. It hits hard at the theory usually re-affirmed very often that suicides are always "of unsoared mind." For this reason, it is worth telling the full story of that tidy, deliberate suicide when in case any family connections should be learnt, I am going to call James Barrington. Here is the whole, true story as it happened in New Zealand not many years ago.

James Barrington sat at his desk and smoked moodily before him. It was a warm day in early summer; but for him a chill deeper than that of winter had crept in to make the snug room a gloomy chamber reeking of death.

He was engaged on a personal prob-

lem—the case of James Barrington, whose name at the bar was householded thus throughout New Zealand. As he set the facts carefully in his diary, weighing each point to make sure that no suggestion of bias should crop up, he pleaded that if necessary his notes would assist others long after their use to him was past; he was debating his own suicide.

He was a brilliant lawyer. When he ultimately pulled the trigger he shocked the legal profession of his country with one of the most carefully planned and efficiently executed suicides in history.

Barrington was a childless widower, but his health did not force him to take this step. For the past few months he had been preparing a case against a notorious international financier whose sentence would mean

another feather to his cap, a fact which was as nothing compared with the greater one that the man must be convicted. Research had convinced Barrington that the defendant was guilty and must not be given the slightest chance of escaping justice.

At the date for the trial had approached, Barrington had begun to be troubled by an uneasy, congested feeling in the throat.

He had consulted an eminent specialist, a boyhood friend. Followed days of uncertainty, and then he was there for the verdict, feeling like any one of a hundred accused men he had seen standing in the box as the jury fled back into the courtroom. "Well, what is it, Jack?" he asked.

"Nothing good, I'm afraid." The doctor's face was grave. "If you were one of my ordinary patients, I should feel it best to tell you as little as possible in order to keep you happy."

"But I have to tell you. In plain language, you have a malignant growth at the back of the throat, between the windpipe and the spinal column. It is growing, and is already exerting some pressure. At any time you may lose your voice."

Barrington had imagined himself in court, laying the case before the jury, weighing their reaction, building slowly but surely towards the climax, and of a sudden—his speech thickened, consciousness dying in his throat. The faces of the jury blurring and sweat breaking out on his forehead as he fought to carry on.

He could not withdraw now, with the hearing so close. If he did so, the defendant was powerful enough to turn the retrial into a victory. Others would be quick to accuse the Crown Prosecutor of being interested in taking bribes.

If he collapsed, his amanuensis would have to carry on with the case—a task for which he was poorly equipped. If, however, he went out

now, another man of ability would be briefed. The new case, aided by Barrington's own research, would stand a good chance.

And so for James Barrington himself? He had no dependents, no one to hold him to the world.

His decision was made before the last note was written in his diary. Without moving from his desk, he checked the position of all documents relating to the case. Personal papers were all in order—always had been, as a matter of professional pride.

He rose, and, with the step of a young man, left the office. A few minutes later he was in a sporting goods store nearby—a big, bluff man with the mark of the outdoors upon him, engrossed in the selection of a 22 calibre rifle.

He paused, as if remembering something. New Zealand law demanded a license for the weapon. "Can't break the law, I'll get that license right now," he told the salesmen.

He walked down to Police Headquarters and spent a pleasant half-hour talking in sepulchreous in the unbroken boughs below returning to the shop with the license. Then, with his paper-wrapped purchase and a corset of cartridges in his pocket, he strolled back towards his office.

Police and shopmen agreed afterwards that James Barrington had never seemed more at peace with the world.

In his office his actions were quick and precise. He unwrapped the rifle, and spread the brown paper carefully on the floor. After all, he reasoned, his successor would be using this office, and would want it left clean and neat.

A similar thought prompted him to pick the nose of a bullet so that it would do its job with less penetration.

He loaded the rifle, placed the bullet on the floor, took the rounds in his

mouth, and pressed the trigger with his thumb.

There was an inquest, of course, and during it all these facts were brought out in evidence and no note form.

The suicide of James Burrough left no loose ends that might have caused trouble to other people. His papers explained everything, his affairs were perfectly in order, and his forethought had removed even the first signs of being in possession of an unlicensed firearm.

Yet, for all that, he failed to convince the coroner's jury of something which was most apparent in all of his preparations. The verdict was, inexorably, "Suicide while of sound mind."

This meant of all self-destroyers was classed for all time with the pitiful, the unhappy, the feeble, who for a thousand wretched reasons can no longer face the thought of living.

British law, and American too, for that matter, recognises no subtlety in suicide. A verdict that a person died by his own hand is almost always followed by a rider that stings him at once at the firm.

To the Anglo-Saxon legal mind it is apparently incomprehensible that a man in full possession of his or her faculties could have a sheer desire to end his life. This view, however, is not supported by scientists, many of whom maintain that the impulse to take one's own life is on a much higher plane than the mere urge to kill.

"Murder is common to all species," says an eminent psychologist. "Male animals kill their rivals, and afterwards are committed to a daily drudgery of resources to support their mate and family. The Black Widow spider is only one of a number of female creatures which dispose of their spouse after he has served his purpose. The queen bee does the

same. But who ever heard of one of the lower animals committing suicide?"

That is a fate reserved specifically for man—and only because of the development of his brain which makes him the superior of the other creatures. The question is, can such a being, functioning normally, make such a decision? Or would it first have to be thrown off balance?

First of all you would have to examine the great mass of suicides—the people who possess triggers, throw themselves under trains, jump from windows or cliff-fangs. Suppose they were in a fit of black depression when they made their final gesture; suppose they are no hope ahead? Would they be necessarily insane at that moment? Remember, they had only to press a little too hard, lean a little too far, and the decision was out of their hands.

In the mass of suicides, only a few experts in law bear the red stamp of madness. There was the man who sealed himself in pistol, applied a match, and committed a sensational firearms homicide on his enemy's door-step, the other who killed himself by heating a large iron pot to red heat, then visiting it and dropping it over his shoulders.

But for one unfortunate circumstance, the pole for sheer crannian would go to the man who in America only a few years ago wished to make a particularly impressive exit. He built a large wooden cross in a room on the fifth floor of a city building, fitted a release gadget, cut a hole in his right hand and nailed his feet and his left hand to the cross. He then pulled the switch, and as the cross tilted forward forced his wounded right hand onto the nail prepared for the purpose.

His idea was that the cross which carried him would crush through the window and hang out over the street at some kind of a warning to all

others. The scheme failed because the delayed-action poison he had taken previously delayed too long the cross bearing his mangled body was hauled back through the window, and a stomach pump restored him to life and a brief blare of publicity.

But cases like these are so rare and they cannot be accepted as having any influence on the normal public. Most people who seek death by their own hand take the easiest way out, and are appalled by any possibility of pain or disfigurement. Any engineer or pathologist knows that if a would-be suicide could only

be persuaded to look at the unwilling fixtures on the stone sides of the city streets he would be cured for ever.

And there is something else which our friend whom I have called James Burrough (because that was not his name) must have forgotten. By his purchase of that gun, Justice be showed his ingrained fear of contravening even the most minor law. By his subsequent action, he committed a crime which in the British Code ranks next to murder, but for which death is the qualification and not the penalty—the crime they call "felon do om."

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST



"THE LADIES HAD TO DODGE DURING THEIR CLUB MEETING BECAUSE WHEN THE TRICHOGRAM TRIED TO DELIVER THE CANDLES IN THE HERBING FRED PERLEY RAN THEM BACK, NOT FORKING THAT BY RECKON OF THE PLUMBERS' BATH-TUB HANGS LET GO, THE MEETING HAD BEEN SHIFTED TO HIS HOME"

Super
Williams

INSURANCE COVERS ALMOST

everything



But you can't insure against having a baby in the first year of marriage

MARIE J. FANNING

A SMALL black motor-car pulled into the bush behind a stationery store. The motor was still running as the door of the bank swung open and a man came out carrying a leather satchel. As he reached the pavement two masked men sprang out of the waiting car. One of them punched him hard in the jaw. The other grabbed the satchel. The two men then passed quickly into the car, and drove away.

It was three months before the police caught up with them. In the meantime the stationer, whose payroll had disappeared, had suffered no loss. The payroll had been covered by special insurance.

Such robbery robberies are not frequent, and for that reason the type of insurance that covers them is known as a "peculiar insurance."

There are very many more kinds

of insurance better suited to this description. People are continually seeking to insure against some contingency or risk which has rarely, if ever, been handled by an insurance company before.

Two well-known and popular male film stars in Hollywood hold insurance policies for £2000 each against injury resulting in the disfigurement of their noses. The fees of one female star are insured for £50,000, while a comedian who achieves much success by the waggings of his nose has covered those armpits with an insurance policy of £2000.

Two years ago, a famous American film-dancer wrote a letter to an insurance company. The letter read:

"Dear Sirs, I wish to insure my breasts for £50,000. My photograph is enclosed. Please send policy."

The company's valuations and policy-formulators spent a lot of time thoughtfully studying their heads

and posing over the photograph the dancer had sent them. It was the first request received for insurance of a woman's breasts, but eventually it was granted.

An envelope of a Sydney insurance man was an ordinary-duty one day until when a pale and very weasely-looking man came slowly into the office and propped himself against a counter.

"I know it would happen," he said the employee.

"What was that?" the cleric asked.
"I got sun-stroke," the man said dryly.

The cleric did his best to look apathetic.

"Tea had," he said.
"You?" and the man, "that's how it opened."

"What happened?"

"I lost all my teeth," the man answered. "So now you can part with the drink."

The cleric was a little startled, but in asking a few questions he discovered that after paying twenty-five guineas for a set of dentures a year previously, the man had been in terror of losing or breaking them. He had therefore taken out a policy to cover them, and an air-ration from Melbourne to Sydney by sea, he had stowed over the rail and the world had happened.

One of the largest groups of peculiar insurance is the "non-appearance" insurance. This covers an organiser of a producer of a concert or a play against the non-appearance of a star performer.

In an Australian city last year, an actress artist was unable to appear at the concert platform because of an unexplained blackening of one eye. A few months earlier another artist from overseas was unable to sing at an advertised concert because of laryngitis. If both these performances had not been covered by "non-appearance insurance," huge losses

would have had to be borne by the promoters.

Film producers in Hollywood insure the members of their casts against sickness and accident, and against postponement of production, which would involve them in thousands of pounds.

A farmer who doesn't worry when fire or hail ruins his crop, is probably covered by a "crop insurance" policy, and an architect who stands by and watches a house of his design fall to pieces before his eyes without tearing out his hair, is no doubt insured against error and omission.

Few garden-party fêtes, picnics or open-air sports expense for profit are not covered by previous insurance, which covers the sponsor and organisers if a certain number of guests fall ill at a particular time.

In Sydney in September last year, the Red Cross Flower Festival was able to claim \$1000 because there were 10 points of rain within four hours, even though the weather cleared sufficiently for a large number of people to attend the Festival. On the 9th October, a night-football promoter in Sydney collected \$400 because 20 points of rain fell between 8 p.m. and 8 p.m. and his match had to be abandoned.

A golfer is able to insure against injuring another person while playing and against the loss of his clubs.

One man who prepared to sign a golfer's policy became most indignant.

"Hey, you've missed something out here," he told his broker.

"What is that?" the broker asked.
"You haven't said anything about losing this ball."

It was explained to him that insurance companies are quite unable to take responsibility for golf balls that are lost in the rough.

"That was the only darn reason I was taking the policy out," the golfer said disgustedly.

Several years ago, when Shaper Companies in America commenced developing "below the neck" life insurance policies and selling used cars, one to take the soiled ones away in a rubber bag for laundering, the enterprising young manager of one of these organizations visited his insurance company.

"The big figure things out," he said, "and I guess if one of my present customers should catch up with anything like dementia or such like, the mother would be likely just not to notice him as washed." So I guess it's a job for you."

The insurance company thought about it, and they donated the Shaper man was right. Thus was created the "Nippie Washer Insurance."

Parents are able to insure against loss of school fees should young Johnny or Jessie develop measles or other complaint and miss their examinations, adding another year to their schooling.

There is also a "Term Insurance," which diminishes the shock to persons who find their expectations suddenly multiplied by two. But one young woman in Sydney wanted to carry the protection a little further.

"I'm getting married on Saturday," she said, "and I want to take out an insurance against my husband and I having a child in the first twelve months of our marriage."

But a policy was refused.

"I'm afraid the risk is too great for us to carry," the company told her.

Beehives and pedigree stock are, of course, insurable. So also are pedigree pets. However, the last named animal insurance companies a great deal of treble.

One case remains still in the memory of an employee of a Melbourne insurance office, that of an elderly and funny woman who had breed pets could be insured and wanted to take out a policy for £300 on her dog.

"What sort of a dog is it?" the clerk asked.

"It's white with black patches," the woman told him.

The clerk was patient.

"I know what breed?" he explained.

"Oh! Well, he looks like a terrier but he's got a nose like an armadillo and ears like an elephant. I can't tell him."

"I'm afraid, madam, you would have to let me see his pedigree before we could insure it," the man told her.

"Pedigree?" the woman repeated. "I haven't got one."

"How much did you pay for the dog?"

"I didn't pay for it at all," the woman snapped in exasperation. "Mrs. B—— gave it to me out of one of her Sally's letters. It was the one Sally had after she got loose with the歌舞 down the street."

Needless to say, Chris did not get his policy.

Manufacturers of sarcasm and retorts stocking heavily to meet expected demands, needed insurance companies with application for special insurance when it was announced that Queen Elizabeth, the King and Queen, would be making a tour of Australia and New Zealand. Those who had the foresight to do this avoided loss when the tour was cancelled.

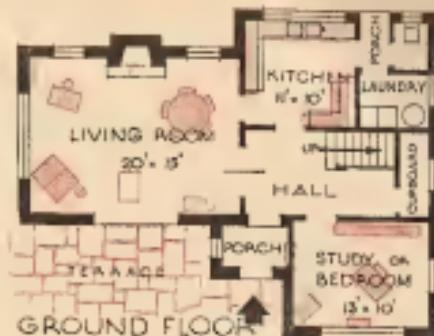
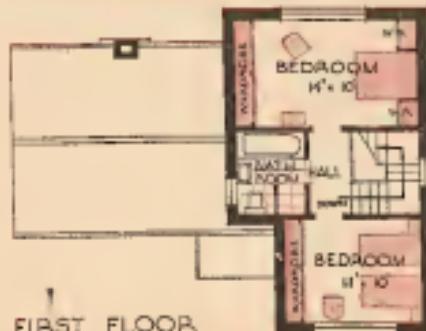
Among other unusual insurances people may cover themselves against contrasting polis: employers can insure against their employees "falling in the till" and housewives against burning their contemporaries' heads.

Next time you are sitting outside a home on the money-go-round at the Show, you will know that the owner has taken steps to prevent himself against your falling off and breaking your leg, and when you're travelling in a caravan, you can look at the propeller and reflect on the large sum that probably attaches to that great piece of machinery droppin off



Congratulations! You've won a brand new £1,500 car, or its equivalent in cash - £3,360*

OLD ENGLISH - TO-DAY



THE HOME OF TO-DAY (No. 43)

PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.I.A.A.

On these pages CAVALCADE shows a modern adaptation of English cottage architecture. It is not quite so orthodox in that it is not exactly two-story, the living room being a two-story wing. The plan is simple, and quite suitable for the amateur, who can build it for \$10,000. It is a two-bedroom plan, with an additional room on the ground floor that could be a guest room or a study.

The living room is one of the principal features. Opened on to a terrace by means of glass doors, it also has a large window at the end. By reason of its position in a projecting wing it can enjoy a view of the garden from three sides. Occupying that wing entirely on its own, it could have a higher ceiling on the remainder of the ground floor room if this were desired. It presents golden opportunity for those people who like high ceilings.

The kitchen is conveniently placed for access to the front door, the trades arch and the dining end of the living room. It is completely modern in its up-to-date equipment.

On the first floor the two bedrooms are fitted with built-in wardrobes, and a bathroom is placed between them. All three rooms open off the stair case, so that there is not one iota of waste space.

The minimum width of land required to accommodate this house is 30 feet, though naturally it would look better in a larger setting. The building cost, the rate of \$250 per square, would be \$7,500.

Doing the Impossible



It was a very happy
And particularly happy
Kind of bancing that sprung up between us two
Should be a friend
To the end
If I'd nothing left to spend—
She was nice to see and know, and fun to too,
She was unparable—
Soothsaying,
Altogether lovely
Dominated,
Unbeaten,
And promised to be wily—
And at the very wedding tour
Just before the hitching hour
She danced with a pose I had in mind,
And she showed a strength of toague
And fire
That was me admiration
But increased admiration
Till I said things most weird,
Then she cancelled out
Without a pooh,
The bewitching wedding plan,
And said she's gonna
The widded blar
Till she found another men . . .
What around was most outpolite
And infections at least
She gave back the beautiful token
And called me a softy beast
But I proved a few old saying wrong
With what I then achieved,
For I turned on the impossible
And left her most apposed—
The thing I did was most unheard,
In our experience I had last word—
Not she, the women, I the men
Until the may the peasant too—
I stood ahead me banching possil
And, to show I had no lies,
Till tell you how I did it! I made apologize
—Morris Miland



WHITE JUSTICE



On a summer's day in 1816 Sir John Johnson stopped ashore in Syria with his father's will in his hand. He knew nothing of the new land, but he believed his father, the late major-general of the colony, owned considerable property at Niagara Falls, near Penruith. This was new to him.

A title amongst the savages was always new. But Sir John thought he clung to the dignity of his nation, admitted it was not a British knighthood. Charles XIII of Sweden had bestowed it for valiant deeds performed by the youthful Johnson some years before.

But the attacks he had been called upon to repulse in Europe were nothing compared with the deadly he had to combat in his new home.

He enlarged his lands considerably, but each expansion infringed more and more into the natural hunting grounds of the Indians, who resented their opportunity to turn him back.

Round the Liverpool plains they watched Sir John's men driving and guarding the sheep. At first they contented themselves with stealing occasional lambs. But as time went on they became more daring in their bid to end this white man's ownership.

One evening they struck suddenly. Outside the drovers' hut one of the men sat crouched over the fire. As he bent forward to stir the pot, his head rolled off onto the sides of his own fire and an aborigine stood back to view his handiwork, grieved his satisfaction and looked the shamed body across the fire. At the door of their hut two drovers stood frozen with horror. Instinctively they had drawn their guns. Even as they pre-

pared to shoot the marauding savages dove with black bodies.

The new life required a different strategy. He had based that life in the colony was hard—that it had few compensations. But he was a man of virtue and besides—he was determined to benefit from the terms of the will. Before long he had gained a place of respect in the community and was well on the way to material success.

"Better run for it" one of them whispered, "we haven't a hope against that rock."

They both struck out for the scrub with the blacks hot on their heels. The men fired occasional shots back as they ran, but every pause meant coming nearer to the spears. It seemed safer to keep going. Stumbling blindly over the branches and snags, they had no hope of outspiring the sure-footed blacks.

Next day Sir John rode over his lands, saw the sharp stingshot round the hot and called to the men.

The savages convinced him that they had packed up and left. But a grizzled tramp, that told his own story, led into the bush.

The blacks had caught the drover, cut them up and distributed the pieces round the hut. Perhaps they bargained on Sir John finding the evidence and taking the lesson to heart. But Sir John had firm ideas.

He sent a message to the chief immediately that the murderers must be given up or the whole tribe would be punished. As white man's punishment meant one thing—firing and death, the singleleaders were handed over for conviction.

The blacks were beginning to learn the inevitable—that the white man had come to stay.



Designed for a

big family breakfas.

STC TOAST-A-RACK

KEEPS 5 SLICES
OF TOAST HOT
WHILE 2 MORE
ARE TOASTING



MAKES
APPROX.
45 SLICES
FOR ONE
PENNY

You've never tasted toast more simply and perfectly toasted, for the Toast-A-Rack's specially designed slots heat quickly and evenly. The snap-action doors are easily opened for thorough cleaning. Heatsafe, efficient, and economical, there is no finer toaster!

Price in all Capital Cities: **47/6**

Authorised S.T.C. Retailer

RACHEL AND THE STRANGER



AN R.R.D. RADIO DRAMA STARRING
ROBERT RAYBURN, WILLIAM
HOLSTEN AND LORETTA YOUNG —
ILLUSTRATED BY DAVE BULMAN.

DEATH OF SUSAN HARVEY
LEAVES GRIEF-STRIKEN
HUSBAND AND BEWILDERED
SON. SHE HAD TRIED TO
BRING CULTURE TO
THEIR FRONTIER HOME,
EDUCATE DAVEY — — —



A YEAR PASSES BEFORE
HARVEY REALIZES HE
NEEDS ASSISTANCE IF
HE IS TO KEEP A HOME.
THE CAMP IS A SHAMBLES;
DAVEY'S LESSON BOOKS
NEGLECTED



I'M GOING TO GET YOU

AT A QUAKER OUTPOST SETTLEMENT IN EARLY AMERICA HE BUYS RACHEL OUT OF SERVITUDE. SHE IS READY TO MAKE HIM A GOOD WIFE, BUT HE WANTS NO MORE OF HER THAN OF A BOND-WOMAN . . .



THERE IS ONLY ONE BEDROOM. HARVEY SLEEPS ON THE FLOOR IN THE LIVING ROOM; DAVEY IN THE LOFT . . .

IT AIN'T FITTING THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE SHOULD SLEEP ON THE FLOOR . . .



WITH HARVEY SHE TRIES TO DEFINE HER POSITION. HE EXPLAINS HIS DESIRE FOR A CULTURED HOME, THE BOY'S EDUCATION . . .

- IT'S KEEPING UP APPEARANCES IN MY PART OF THE WILDERNESS



BACK AT THE CABIN, HARVEY RECALLS FORMER DAYS WITH SUSAN. RACHEL DOES NOT TELL SHE CAN PLAY THE SPINET . . .

A LITTLE MUSIC AFTER SUPPER IS A MIGHTY PROUD THING!



THE FIRST DAY RACHEL RISES LATE BUT SHE QUICKLY LEARNS WHAT IS EXPECTED OF A FRONTIER-WOMAN BY SUPPER-TIME, THE CABIN HAS REGAINED ITS FORMER COMFORT . . .



RACHEL FULFILS HER PART OF THE BAROON. SHE GIVES SATISFACTION, BUT SHE HAS FALLEN IN LOVE WITH HARVEY AND WANTS TO TAKE SUSAN'S PLACE IN THE HOME . . .



BUT ALL HER ATTEMPTS FAIL. DAVEY WILL NOT BE MOTHERED AND SUSAN'S HAVING TO TAKE LESSONS WITH HER

YOUR PA ONLY GOT ME HERE FOR YOUR SAKE



HARVEY TRIES TO TEACH HER THE "CABIN IN DANGER" SIGNAL, BUT SHE CAN'T EVEN WHISTLE . . .



THINKING TO MAKE THEM HAPPIER, SHE GIVES THEM THE BEDROOM, MAKES HER OWN BED IN THE LOFT



HERE FIRST ATTEMPT TO PROTECT THE STOCK FAILS WHEN HER SHOOTING GOES WIDE OF THE MARK . . .

SUSAN COULD SHOOT ANYTHING! SHE WAS ABLE TO LOOK AFTER HERSELF /



DESPITE HER SUCCESS IN MAKING A COMFORTABLE HOME, HARVEY AND THIS CHILD CONTINUE TO REGARD HER AS A BOND-WOMAN! REMAIN INDIFFERENT TO HER FRIENDLY ADVANCES



HARVEY IS SURPRISED WHEN JIM FURWAYS, A TRAPPER VISITOR, PAYS RACHEL ATTENTION



AFTER SUPPER HARVEY IS AMAZED THAT RACHEL CAN PLAY THE SPINET

YOU NEVER ASKED IF I COULD PLAY



HARVEY RESENTS FAIRWAYS' MORE THAN PASSING INTEREST IN RACHEL

MIGHTY LONG VISIT YOU'RE PAYIN' US FOR A WALKING MAN



IN THE WOODS, ON A FOX-HUNT, HARVEY TELLS FAIRWAYS HE HAS OUTSTAYED HIS WELCOME

RACHEL IS MY WIFE



ON HIS RETURN FROM THE STOCKADE, FAIRWAYS RAWS THEM A LONG VISIT; BRINGS A NEW DRESS FOR RACHEL

RECKON IT'S FITTING FOR AFTER SUPPER WHEN YOU PLAY THE SPINET



RACHEL FINDS HIS ATTENTION PLEASING AFTER HARVEY'S INDIFERENCE



DAVEY'S SIGNAL AND A RIFLE SHOT BRING THEM GALLORING BACK TO THE CABIN !



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THEY FIND RACHEL HAS KILLED A MILD-CAT. SHE ADMITS SHE HAS BEEN PRACTISING SHOOTING IN THE CELLAR.

IT WAS THREATENING THE STOCK /



FAIRWAYS PREPARES TO LEAVE. HE WANTS TO TAKE RACHEL AND OFFERS TO BUY HER FROM HARVEY.

YOU TREAT HER AS A BOND-WOMAN, NOT AS YOUR WIFE /



FURIOUS WHEN SHE DISCOVERS THE CAUSE OF THE FIRO, SHE TELLS THEM SHE IS NOT FOR SALE. SHE HAS PAID MORE IN LABOUR THAN THE PRICE OF HER BOND.

I WON'T BE BODY SOLD AS YOU TWO PLEASE



HARVEY FEELS GRATITUDE AND ADMIRATION LATER, IN THE MOONLIGHT, HE TELLS HER HE IS NOT READY TO FALL IN LOVE.



HARVEY TAKES OFFENCE, A FIGHT ENDLESS, AND WHEN RACHEL COMES BETWEEN THEM FAIRWAYS HAS DUMPED HARVEY IN THE WATER BUTT . . .



WHEN THEY DISCOVER HER GONE, HARVEY FEARS FOR HER SAFETY. HE IS ANNOYED WHEN FAIRWAYS ACCOMPANIES HIM IN SEARCH OF HER . . .



RACHEL HAS TAKEN THE WRONG DIRECTION, BUT SHE HAS NOT GONE FAR. THOUGH THEY POINT OUT THE DANGERS OF THE WOODS SHE CANNOT BE PERSUASSED TO RETURN . . .



ACROSS THE FIRE BOTH MEN ARE SCHEMING TO SPEAK TO RACHEL ALONE, BUT NEITHER WILL CONCEDE TO THE OTHER . . .



FAIRWAYS IS FORGOTTEN WHEN FAIRWAYS DRAWS ATTENTION TO A RED HAZE IN THE SKY. INDIANS ARE ON THE WARPATH . .



THAT NIGHT THEY CAMP IN THE WOODS. THE BOY NESTLES DOWN BEFORE HER . . .

NA WAS NICE, BUT SO ARE YOU . . .



FINALLY FAIRWAYS MAKES HIS PROPOSAL TO RACHEL AND FORCES HARVEY TO A SHOW OF FEELING . . .

I AIN'T TALKING, BUT IF YOU SAY THE WORD . . .



GIVING RACHEL HIS HORSE, HARVEY TELLS HER TO TAKE CAREY AND RAISE THE ALARM AT THE STOCKADE . .

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TWO SHILLINGS AT ALL NEWSAGENTS

INDIANS ARE ALREADY
ATTACKING WHEN
HE AND FAIRWAYS
REACH THE CABIN



SABRICADING THE DOOR
THEY PREPARE TO
HOLD THE CABIN UNTIL
HELP ARRIVES



RACHEL IS WORRIED
FOR HARVEY'S SAFETY.
SHE DECIDES TO SEND
DANEY ON AND RETURN
TO THE CABIN



GALLOPING HER HORSE
TO THE CABIN SHE
IS DRAGGED FROM THE
SADDLE BY INDIANS!



THE TWO MEN SLASH
FROM THE CABIN, FIGHT
OFF THE ATTACKERS
WHO CARRY HER INSIDE.



FOR A BRINK MOMENT
HARVEY CLAPS RACHEL
TO HIM FAIRWAYS
REALIZES HE HAS LOST



The King of Bath

Doctor of fashion for 40 years. Yet he died in poverty.



When Richard Nash was born in Woking in 1874, his father, an "improvident gambler", little dreamed that his son would one day dictate to the lords of England. Yet that, in fact, is what he did. For Beau Nash, as he was later known, became supreme emperor of fashion and manners.

In his youth Nash first held a commission in the army, but later resigned this to study law. While doing so he organised a pageant in honour of William III. It was so successful that he was received into "nobility" and even offered a knighthood. The practical Beau Nash refused this since it carried no pension!

Having bowed the pleasures of such living, Nash had little desire to return to his law studies and he elected out a precarious living by gambling until 1905 when his great chance came. He went to Bath, then the centre of fashionable England, to become Master of Ceremonies at the public balls. He conducted them with incredible splendour and strangely enough attracted to good conduct. No country wench could have taken greater care of the needs of the young women than did the dashing Beau Nash.

He lived in luxury himself, and when he rode through the streets it was in a post-chaise drawn by six grey horses complete with outriders

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RACHEL HELPS THEM DEFEND THE CABIN --

THE FIRE'S BIG IN THE BEDROOM /



EFFORTS TO SAVE THE BUILDING FAIL, AND THE THREE DESCEND TO THE CELLAR ...



THE INDIANS ARE BEATEN OFF! BUT THE CABIN IS BURNED OUT...



THERE IS NO LONGER A BEDROOM NOR A LOFT, BUT THE SPINET WORKS AND HARVEY SAYS HE WILL BUILD A NEW FRAME

THE HEART OF THE HOME IS GOOD -- AND THAT IS WHAT IS IMPORTANT



HARVEY REALIZES HIS MISTAKE HAS BEEN MADE AS HIS WIFE TO HELP HIM BUILD HIS NEW HOME

THERE'S A LOT AHEAD OF US!



RAILWAYS IS ALREADY AGAINST HIM

I GUESS I WAS MEANT TO HUNT FOOD FOR OTHER MEN'S TABLES!



She was the target for fancy shooting,
but he hadn't bargained for revenge

★ DAMON MILLIS



THE HOOFs of MIDNIGHT

EVER since she came in I hadn't been able to take my eyes off her.

She was nearly as tall as I, with the hair and eyes of a Grecian woman and a figure that made you pause, suspense that got between you and it. She wore a wide white sash, heavy cowboy boots, long leather-fringed gloves, and skin-tight beaded jacket and shorts that did nothing to hide what she had.

The boss of the troupe had made her the target for most of his fancy shooting, and now, as he reloaded his

revolver, he sang out what he was going to do next:

He stepped forward swinging and held out to me a half-loop of steel cables which were set half-a-dozen electric light globes. She took off her sash, set the hoop over her head, and put her back against the six-foot high, three-feet wide and sixteen thick steel wall against which they had been doing all the shooting. He leered at the crowd and stepped up to the mark from which he'd been shooting.

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He was a tall man, dark and slender with a patch of a mustache and long-blank patent-leather sideboards. He was Sandy Dexter, and ever since he'd stepped into the ring he'd had all the women in the tent acting like they'd seen those infamously cowboy signs of his you betta over the air. But the men hadn't noticed the same. I'd felt the backbones on my own neck rise at the sight of him, and looking around, I'd seen the same thing happening with nearly all the other men there. He was too smooth, too sure, too patent-leather for us.

He put the rifle to his shoulder and smashed the dirt globe into glittering bits. He flashed his teeth at the crowd, and all the women cooed a bit more and lot their hands together ready. He went around the hoop over her head, picking off each globe and ramming the shattering glass spinners at her feet. Once he paused, and the bullet thudded harmlessly into the wall at her back. He came on, shook his head, slowly raised the rifle to his shoulder and tried again. This time he hit it and the women gasped and clapped even louder. I could see it was only a gag. I bet he could have hit those things standing on his head and firing backwards from between his legs.

After it was over he dragged his forward with one hand and took off the spotlight himself. I kept looking at her and once I felt her look up at me. Her eyes twinkled over me, cool and impersonal, and she left me again but in that moment I felt a shock of enchantment that quivered right through me.

He started to assess now what we were all there for—all of us stockmen and rodeo riders. The riding of Midnight.

We started to harrumph when they went to bring the horse into the ring. We reckoned we men from that wild country, that there was nothing

so few legs that we could not ride.

But when the horse came into the ring—a couple of ragged-trousered half-mast kids hanging desperately to his head—we went quiet. There at a look about a real outlaw that horsemen can pack straight away, and Midnight had that look. He was coal-black, from his muzzle to his streaming tail-black with a Satanic blackman, eyes glittering wickedly, mouth snapping viciously at the kids holding him. But the wickedest part about him was the way every now and again he lashed out with his hoofs in a sudden flinch of venomous. All of us riders could see that if we were pulled off that black arch of a Satanic back those hoofs would be lashed at our heads like horny meat-cleavers. You struck one on a hundred like that at a rodeo. This was a real outlaw.

Dexter sheathed out the challenge, but somehow none of the boys were quite so eager now to take it up. Dexter looked up at us—so obviously callow— and snarled. Johnny Memphis got to his feet, kicked his belt, and went down there. Johnny was as good a rider as there was amongst the rest of the boys. We watched closely to see how he'd go.

The kids somehow got the horse quiet enough for Johnny to get on his back. Dexter didn't go near. Midnight. Once he passed the horse some yards away, and Midnight had back his ears and snarled. I turned away there between men and beast. Dexter snarled and went to the other side of the ring.

They got Johnny up, spurred slow and then all hell broke loose in that ring. The horse snorted upwards, squealed suddenly and suddenly became a frenzied-bent black ball of leaping fury. In a flash Johnny was rolled across the ring and Midnight was lashing at him with those deadly hoofs.

The kids yelled and a couple of us

For the picnic . . . for the verandah . . .

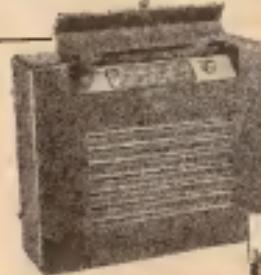
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boys leapt onto the rug and got the horse away from Johnny—covering there with his arms up over his head.

Mick Donovan was the next to try. He spun out the sword almost before his batteaux had touched the saddle. The black horse went after him and that time drew blood. We heard one of Mick's arms crack like a concert as he threw it up to ward off a blow. They carried Mick out to the services of the crowd.

Dexter sang out to us, "Offer still stands, gent." He was sweating. I looked up at the neoclassical, fire-mouthing horse. I gestured the kids to get him ready for me. Some of the crowd started to call out to me not to try it, and for a moment I caught a glimpse of her face under the blonde hair—white and tensed with her mouth a-taut red slash across it—and then I was spinning into the saddle.

Midnight squealed and leapt into the air. He came down poker-legged, head drawn between his two front legs. I sat him. He leaped again, and this time even in the air. Pounding and battered, I still sat him. He tried to get his mouth around to snap at me and I beat him off with my riding hat.

He tried everything he knew, but I still sat him. Then I gave it to him. I sank in my spurs until his sides were two long, streaming red gashes. I beat at him with my hat and lashed him with the loose end of the reins. When he quavered to a limp-backed standstill I knew I had him beaten that way if I ever got up on him again I'd be like riding a buck out of a riding-school.

The crowd was passing and shouting, and the boys were waving their hats in the air.

Dexter came over to me, snarling. He bit out, "Well, come and get your money."

I said, "I don't want it. All I want's a job in the show."

He stared. "A job in the show—what can you do?"

I said, "You've just seen I can handle this horse for you. Don't think that because I've beaten him that everyone else'll be able to." I told him who I was. He stared some more. He said, "But you're the best rider in the country—you used to be with Lance Golding—what do you want with us?"

I said, "I just want to come along that's all. I'll bet you right now you have a half of a lot of trouble getting men to handle that horse. Those kids you've got were scared half to death tonight. I'll handle him for you, and don't worry—he'll still be an outlaw."

Dexter stared at me. He said, "Okay. But you won't be getting say fancy salary."

I said, "That's all right. I'm not joining it for the money."

He dashed. "Then why—"

I groaned. I said, "I'm an animal lover."

Dexter snorted. He looked at the horse and snarled. He spat "You —," and let it across the muzzle with his fist. The horse snickered and made a feeble step or two.

I got between them. I said, "I don't know what's between you two, but whenever it is while I'm around it just doesn't go. Save your fingers for tickling that gallo, Dexter."

I walked out at there, taking the horse with me. He walked behind, tame as a pet foal, but I knew that black dynamite was still in him ready to explode the next time anyone but myself threw a leg over him.

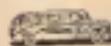
When the last riders were pulled up and the crowd had gone I walked over to where they'd told me I was to sleep. She passed me on the way. I put out my hand and pulled her up. She looked down at my hand. She lowered her blue eyes, blushing

...far
horizons

OUT where the road
of the sky holes into
bedrock and measured
breezes a world of peaceful,
over-charging beauty
await your coming. Far
horizons here you will
find the promise of endur-
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CAVALCADE February, 1968 11

sister has blonde hair at me, and added coldly, "Who do you think you are—Caucasian?"

I said, "No. Just Frank Hounsead. I joined the show because of you. What do you think of that?"

She said, "What does Smoky think of it? It's my husband!"

I said, "Oh. That kind of makes things different."

She said, "Doesn't it?"

I reached out and grabbed her arm again. I said in a hoarse voice, "You're not a doll to mess around with other men's wives, but this I feel different about. I know you're not happy with him—I can see it in your eyes. No woman could be happy with him. He's wrapped up in himself like nobody's business. I'll just hang around. If you want me, do like the day in the movies—just whistle."

Suddenly I slipped my hand off her arm and put it around her waist. I kissed her on those red lips, and they tasted just like I thought they would—sweet and cool and fresh. She went back from me, breathing hard, breasts rising and falling quickly under her blouse pocket. I took her hand and kissed the tips of her fingers. She said suddenly, "Don't—don't—" pulled her hand away, and ran across to her tent.

I looked after her. I was thinking Hounsead you've got it that bed you can't do anything but just stick around and hope that one of Madrigal's hoods catches him when he's not looking ... I went to bed with a dull ache where my heart was.

Midnight had been beginning to look a bit mugged. No one had been near him to groom him for months. I found out so I took some brushes and went in there with him.

He looked at me out of the corner of his eyes and earned his crinoline back over his teeth. But that's as far as he went. He remembered

those words. After I'd been brushing him down a while he seemed to like it. I patted him once or twice and he liked that, too.

She came next. She stopped and looked at me and the horse. She said, "There's certainly something for Harry!"

I said, "Yeah—H-E-L-L but your husband couldn't do it. What's between here and this horse?"

She said, "When we first got him Smoky used to ride him. Smoky always forced himself in a rider, but he's not one. The horse threw him, so Smoky got the boy to tie him up and then he beat him with wires. The horse hasn't forgotten it."

I said, "He never will, either. They're like elephants that way."

Dexter came up. He snarled, "What is this—conversation corner? You've got work to do, Della, or didn't you know? Get going!"

She said quickly, "You can't break me like a horse, Smoky. You've tried long enough, but it won't work. I'll go because it's got to be done, not because you told me."

After she'd gone there was nothing but the sound of me brushing Mid-night.

After a while I looked at Dexter's face. It was twisted—black with rage. He turned on me. He snarled, "Well—what are you looking at?"

I said, smirking, "Midnight. A very popular husband. Keep that kind of talk up and your wife will be leaving you. I'd like to be one of the guys around when she does."

He said nothing but his face twisted up like a banquet had been wrapped around it. He stalked off into the ring, swinging the rifle steadily from his hand. I guess at that moment he wished I was one of those light sabers and he was drawing a bead on me.

When they got the call they moved him to me to handle. They'd got him

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just in case Midnights turned off. I could have told them that would never happen, but I took the salt and decided to shoot a leg over him just to see what he had.

I found out. He couldn't get me off, so I suddenly he crawled himself over on his back. I felt the snap under his right flank and I knew what it was. The salt lunged up and screeched again, but I had lay there. A couple of the boys came running over to me.

Dexter came up, shouting: "What the hell's going on here—what?"

I grinned crookedly at him. "That ain't worse than Midnights. He's broken my leg. Get your gun and shoot out."

Dexter glared. "What are we doing?"

I said: "Carry me to my tent, but don't take my boots off. I want to lie with them on."

When they got me there I gave up making cracks and passed out. When I came round there was a sophomore bending over me telling me I'd be all right. She was standing there, too. The doc grunted. "I thought he must be nearly dead the way you came rushing in for our young lady."

She colored up as I looked at her.

The doc started grunting. He grunted on: "This young feller's need to this—there's two other seniors here."

I gritted. "Yeah—I collect 'em like stamps. This one stinks like the pants of my collection."

The doc grunted. "Nonsense—you're tough. You won't be laid up long."

After the agony of the leg being pulled out for the splints to go on I slept. When I woke it was night. I could feel someone beside the bed. I stretched out my hand. She caught it in hers. I turned my head to her and whispered: "Darling..."

She made a sobbing noise and next minute her arms were around me, pressing me hard against the full-breasted warmth of her. I reached

for her lips and found them. After a while she whispered: "I've got to go now. Hell be waiting in the ring for me. He won't wait long these days. He's been hitting me because I haven't got there sooner. I'm through with him, darling."

"How though?"

"Through enough to do whatever you want."

"Why?"

"Because I know that you are right for me, and that I'll never be happy now until I know I can be with you always."

"That's what I wanted to hear, baby. But what are you figuring on doing with Dexter? Somehow I don't think he's the type to be heading out blessings."

"I'm leaving you to do the figuring."

I grinned. "Sweet baby! Sure, I'll have plenty of time for figuring here. But try not to ride him too much sometime. I don't take much to the idea of him knowing you around. Right now I don't make much of a Gosh-darned."

She kissed me again. "I'll be careful darling. Now I must go."

I grabbed her head as she was moving off. "Just a minute. Tell me why you married him."

She was silent again. "I don't know, except that I was rather soft on a fella who married a lad who used to show off as a trick rider. I suppose I married Dexter to keep my end up. He'd always been rather persistent, and he wasn't so bad then. But I shouldn't have done it."

I kissed her again. I said, "When this bum leg strengthens out—"

—and pressed her tight.

She touched her fingers against my cheek and went out—I looked after her and felt happy for the first time in my life.

* * *

The next night Dexter came in. He had the rifle under his arm. He

looked down at me. He said suddenly: "You've kind of slowed down here, isn't you?"

I said: "Yeah. Being as far away from the other tribe doesn't help, either. But Della does everything I want."

"Yeah," he said slowly. "Della does all you want." He looked down at his rifle. He said: "You know, I've been having a little trouble hitting my targets lately. Maybe it's my eyes." He looked at me. He learned: "I hope I don't have it again tonight. That light globe truck is a pretty tough one. Della had look messy with blood all over that blonde hair of hers."

After he'd gone I lay there for a while with a pounding heart. I heard the distant applause as he went into the ring. Della was on her knees, one hand at her shoulder where blood was running out slowly across her pocket. Dexter was hanging to face Midnights, face twisted. It was the sound of the horse behind him that had made him put the bullet through Della's shoulder instead of her head.

Dexter swung the rifle round at Midnights, but the big horse was on him—roaring upwards and then coming down with both heads flanking like those of a black Seven.

Dexter's accent was drowned in that of the crowd. When I could see clearly the boys had gathered Midnights and were pulling him out of there, but Dexter lay with a hoofmark in his skull that twenty doctors couldn't have patched up. Midnights had had his revenge in death.

When Della got to see she was sobbing and when she pulled me to her I could feel the blood from her shoulder against my cheek.

But suddenly I wasn't seeing or feeling any of that. I was just thinking of all the good years shared with her, and that made everything all right . . .



A MERCHANT OF VENICE

MERVIN ANDREWS

After three hundred years the fortune of this swashbuckler is still undimmed

LIFE in provincial France was dull, and that at Châlons-en-Champagne provided no exception. The best, of course would follow his pre-determined existence of Parasol caretaker and local Grand Sûcreur with Louis XIV to puzzle in his pocket and rich estates to furnish ware for his plowshares, but for a younger son who had a stoked ardority were the order of the day.

The prospect did not please Jean Thivrey, youngest son of the House of Thivrey, in 1658. He was a punk of a man, though still in late youth. His deep brown eyes now filled with the hot blood of ancestral warriors of Châlons-en-Champagne's Frankish army, sparkled with an irreverent humour that spiced his tongue with a wit as sharp as his rapier point.

The genius of pantomime in the art of threat and party inspired his sword arm, straining for expression, the spirit of adventure coined in his blood, and the void in his pocket urged peremptory demands to be filled. Jean snatched his charger and cantered away from the ancestral home along the road to fighting, fun and fortune.

A glimpse into the future would have given the young adventurer added fear for his journey, for surely his blood would have pulsed more wildly had he known the ultimate result of his wayfarings—the effort of human existence and international intrigues which would sustain interest for more than 300 years after his death.

Perhaps he was not alone in the

first part of his journey. It is easy to imagine that an older friend might have been spurred likewise to the adventure of the unknown, and have thrown in his lot with the young Thivrey. And perhaps they followed the road to Paris the normal goal for a young Frenchman in search of fame and fortune.

Paris was not his Mecca, however, Italy called, for there a good night and reckless courage commanded a prize worthy of a soldier of fortune, and here onrival, fighting fool, Jean Thivrey heard and heeded that one knock which opportunity gave at the door of every man.

Athamane Topaldi was an habemus of the Restaurant della Toscana in Bracca. He hauled down the island of Corfu, but he was essentially a cosmopolitan, for he was a dealer in arms—a sixteenth century gun-runner—a Prince of general merchandise and, more particularly and most probably, the major slave trader of the Mediterranean.

Though not so old in years, Topaldi already felt the age of responsibility growing at his girdle; he had need of an able aide to rule his reckless, lawless subjects, and this psychologist of human frailties and values discerned the fire-tempered steel beneath the careless swagger as Jean Thivrey tasseled off a measure of wine with sheaves.

The merchant prince offered to take the young Frenchman into his service, and Jean, with an eye to the main chance, accepted with alacrity. He was a good master, a brilliant captain, and established himself rapidly as Topaldi's indispensable lieutenant. On several occasions he saved the older man's life during attack by pirates in the course of their hazardous trade.

An age made further demands on Topaldi's strength. Thivrey assumed still greater responsibility, and, when the shrewd, old trader died, the young

Frenchman feared that the entire fortune of the stewardly prince had been left to him.

Though he had now reached his Moses, Thivrey did not neglect the means by which he had arrived; he continued and developed his horse-factor's trade until he became firmly established as one of the wealthiest of the fabulously rich, seafarers-without-soldiers members of the Mediterra-

nian race. Moreover, however, he did not sacrifice the benefits of his fortune. He lived on a scale of grandeur, delighting in the social life of the times and displaying a weakness for sumptuous uniforms, but he was essentially the typical hero of romance and could not suppress his love of adventure and his inclination to fight.

Throughout his life he refused to abandon his French citizenship, though he grew in Venice, his adopted city, an allegiance equal to that of his own son, frequently leading his own army of mercenaries into bloody battles on behalf of the Republic. The critical Doge bestowed on him the title of General in a recognition of his invaluable services.

At last, in 1696, death claimed the refreshable Condottiere, and Senator Mozzo, to whom he had entrusted his affairs in that contingency, deposited his gold, green, and money for safe keeping in the vaults of the City of Venice.

The Doge was loath to see such an eminent citizen pass from their custody and endeavoured to keep Jean's death a secret, but hints have, proverbially, been noted, and the Doges of Châlons-en-Champagne were an exception; they, together with the branches of the family in Rodez and in Lourdes, were quickly on the scene of misfortune.

Politely, but firmly, the Doge took their stand; they acknowledged the existence of the fortune, they admitted that they held it, but they re-

granted that they were unable to hand a will to any person without production of a will.

Successive rulers of Venice adopted the same frustrating attitude to successive generations of Thessy until 1822, when the family assembled in conference to make determined efforts to finalize the status of the essay documents and thus turn their dreams of wealth into reality. A delegation sent to Italy found Venice still polite, but more profoundly indifferent than ever.

"Yes," it was admitted. "The Doge had taken care of the fortune since 1808, determined to preserve it for the royal heirs. They had, justifiably, refused to hand it over to any person without satisfactory proof of title, such as a will, but, ten years earlier, a certain Frenchman had laid claim to the fortune, and the City, recognizing his rights, had handed it over to him."

"Who was this Frenchman?" the delegates asked in dismay.

"Napoleon," Venice answered sullenly.

The Thessy soon learned all the full story of the disposal of the fortune. It appeared that, when Napoleon was making his invincible sweep across Europe, one of the Thessy was in his way; seizing a peasant boy to the Doge's vaults, he laid a complaint before the Little Council.

"The Republic of Venice is wrongfully withholding the estate of a French citizen," he is alleged to have petitioned. "It is prayed that Your Excellency will take possession of this wealth in the name of France, so that justice may be done to your subjects."

Napoleon, with an army at his back and too strong a mandate for the former Republic of Venice; the City disposed the Thessy fortune, together with nearly two centuries of accumulated profits

By way, perhaps, of compensation, the Emperor left them well endowed a liberal portion of the funds for the use of his army and despatched the balance to Paris. The balance was no mere pif money; it comprised twenty cart-hands of gold, pearls and possey, and it was committed to the care of General Barakat, in command of an escort of 2,000 Hussars. Napoleon was taking no risks with his partners.

Such ingenuity should surely have had a reward but the clever villain seems to have faded into oblivion. What are we to say of his life? Did he die in the campaign or did he lead out a frustrated existence periodically buoyed with promises of the reissue of immense fortunes?

It seems certain that he died before he could convey the news or that he kept his counsel on the matter. There is little doubt that had his knowledge been shared he would have found recognition for outstanding service in the Thessy legend.

Afright with the news that they now had the French Government with which to negotiate, the delegation returned to Paris and presented a claim before the Tribunal of the Seine with a solemn faith in an early resolution of the two-hundred-year old dispute.

But alas for vain hope! The Tribunal laid down two conditions precedent to an order for the payment of the money: Firstly, a will must be produced; and, secondly, irrefutable proof must be furnished as to who were the direct heirs entitled to the fortune.

The denouement assumed the interest of the Thessy clan throughout Europe to fever heat, but the nineteenth century was tottering to its end before any tangible ray of hope glided their horizon.

In the session the Bank branch of the family had engaged leading lawyers to establish their rights

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Baron Rostendorf represented the Austrian branch, while Baron Herbert, then a member of the Hungarian Legation to the Vatican and Baron Glazier, a one-time director of Wagon-Lits in Budapest, were among the many claimants. The Hungarian Teleblich, the Romanian Schlesinger, and the Yugoslav Vasilesco were just some of the widespread families whose dreams and hopes centred around the Thury fortune.

Just before the end of the nineteenth century, an exiled Italian historian, Costanzo, browsing among old books and papers in a Florentine antiquarian's shop, became interested in an old parchment. Although he attached no historical importance to the aged document, he purchased it for two lire. Later, merely as a curiosity, he had it published in an Italian newspaper.

The document set out an imposing list of property, but with little regard for accurate assessment of values: "One sack of gold measuring three feet by two feet, 100,000 Venetian Crowns, 50,000 golden Dukats, 30,000 silver Drachas; three adjacent houses near the Doge's palace in Venice, two mansions on the Island of Corfu, a country house, six barrels of gold dust, six coaches, six carts of silver candlesticks, two small bags of precious stones, three merchant ships, and a quantity of general merchandise, furniture, and personal chattels."

In such general terms was this abundance described, that save the operative clauses: "I give and bequeath to the members of my family, the Thury, videlicet, to the sons of my father, Francois Thury, and of my mother, Francaise Belot."

Then the date and signature: "Given at Vienna on this tenth day of February in the year of our Lord One thousand and six hundred and thirty-six. Jean Thury, Merchant and General."

It was the key to open the treasure chest of wealth, the sealing will brought in vane for nearly three centuries. Where had it been hidden with such afterthought, or where secreted for safe custody and then forgotten? What had happened to the precious piece of parchment since that distant day when Jean Thury, the dying adventurer, had entrusted it to the care of his friend, Senator Moore of Venice, until Professor Costanzo had found it by chance among the many lumber of an antiquarian's shop?

These questions may never be answered, but, a few days after the publication of the document, an ailing Thury reached Italy to beg Costanzo to sell the document. "For his own price?" Any figure he could be asked! But Costanzo was a better haggle than he was a business man.

"Two lire," he said complaisantly. "That is what I paid for it; that is what I will sell it for."

And so the precious document came to Paris and filled every Thury heart with jubilation and new-born hope; the long dormant fortune was about to launch into active circulation once more, and the Thurys would speed its circuit, for the rest of the Thury's conditions predestined had been fulfilled.

There was not the slightest doubt about the authenticity of the document. It was the genuine article, though it might well have been otherwise, for the art of the forger in reproduction of old parchments was at a high level in the late nineteenth century. Secrets of giving the appearance of age and commitment to old papers and books were the closely guarded monopoly of expert fakers, and the science of detection of such masterpieces lagged behind the skill of the unscrupulous operators.

All that the Thurys had to do now was to determine the rightful heirs,

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out this was to prove no easy task. Of the major branches of the family—Lorentz, Baile and Cheneviers—the last-named was considered by the Tribunal to have the strongest claim, but in that branch of the family alone there were 1,460 representatives, not one of whom was prepared to concede a weaker case in himself than that of his kindred.

Even were the difficulty overcome by recognition of all Cheneviers Thiers as rightful heirs, the problem of payment was a colored one which might have had a very detrimental effect on the financial stability of France. The fortune was now estimated to have reached the figure of fifty millions of francs.

Such a sum was too large for the Exchequer of France to disburse at arm's end without disastrous reparation, so the Thiers claim became an hereditary headache to successive Finance Ministers each of whom shifted the responsibility down the staff and passed the buck to his successor upon retirement, leaving the claimants lamenting.

Eventually, Paul Reynaud tackled the problem seriously, he offered to compound the debt for a pittance 25,000,000 francs to be paid to the heirs when properly established.

The Cheneviers Thiers accepted the compact with avidity and set about the prodigious task of collating the sheep from the goats. After months of concentrated work by genealogists and prominent lawyers, delving into family trees, extremely painstaking documentation, eliminating claimants less valid than these, the list of rightful heirs was pared down finally to thirty-five persons only.

The goal was in sight! The dozen of centuries was about to come true! But the price was too high to be abandoned without challenge by the disbarred claimants, and other branches of the Thiers family, disgruntled at the decision of the Tribunal, stepped in blocking payment by delaying law suits.

Then another interloper founded his plant, one more potent, more overwhelming, and more devastating than any Court or hinge—World War II secured a compulsory adjournment.

And so the three-hundred-year-old fortress of the gas-expensive, short-trading Merchant of Venice still stands the claimant bears. His pound of flesh is still a dream of centuries and, though gilded with revenue and diamonds and studded with precious stones, is still, as yet, a phantom awaiting realization.

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Talking Points

COVER GIRL, ANDREA KING, Universal star who will be seen next in "Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid," due for Sydney release. Born in Paris on February 1, poor Andree is an American. She lives with a lawyer husband in a Hollywood hill-top home. Her favorite pastimes are swimming, tennis and skating and she reads considerably. Best of all she likes shopping. Why? Because she meets so many people that way. We guess the compliment is returned.

INSURANCE

We're not stellar insurance so start letting those defenses down. We guarantee you'll enjoy reading Marie J. Flannigan's article even if your choice is due. "Insurance Covers Almost Anything" probably gives the impression that-for those who can afford it-there's no risk that can't be turned to cash. Well, that's not quite right. There are still some considerations that you can't ignore against-not even with Lloyd's.

KEN HOWARD

Just in case the title fools you, Ken is the "Man with a Magic Eye" dealt with in this issue by Bill Disney. Ken Howard is a name synonymous with racing and auto in this country, and the associations told of him are legion. Bill puts some of them on record here, and these are authentic-he got them from Howard.



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himself. You don't have to be a racing man to appreciate a jolly good success story; this is it.

FACT

And it's really stranger than fiction. When a journalist decides to find a quiet place to do some writing up with the typewriter, anything is likely to happen. But not even the most imaginative would expect to catch a班子 of ghosts and do a nest job of crime detecting for the police. Most of us would be talking about it forever, but Eddie Wilson can do better than that and he paid for it at the bargain. "The Ghosts of Mac Mac Lohr" is the result of his unusual experience. It makes good reading.

FICTION

If you're the kind who likes his light reading popped up with a little well-handled violence, you'll appreciate our selection this month. And we hope you are not the one to say there are no new angles to the crime story. Read Crime Passionate for romantic interest with a peculiar twist and we scaling you are not likely to anticipate. Grether's story, "Too Soon to Live" is a psychological study of big-time schemers. Bentiment and crime set a familiar combination, but add a dash of romance, and you have the right ingredients for a first-rate yarn. Damon Mills needs no build-up for Gumnado readers. "Blooms of Midnight" is definitely up to standard.



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